

Odyssey of

THE SANTA BARBARA KINGDOMS and 138 miles north

A Thorne Hall Production

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THE SANTA BARBARA STORY

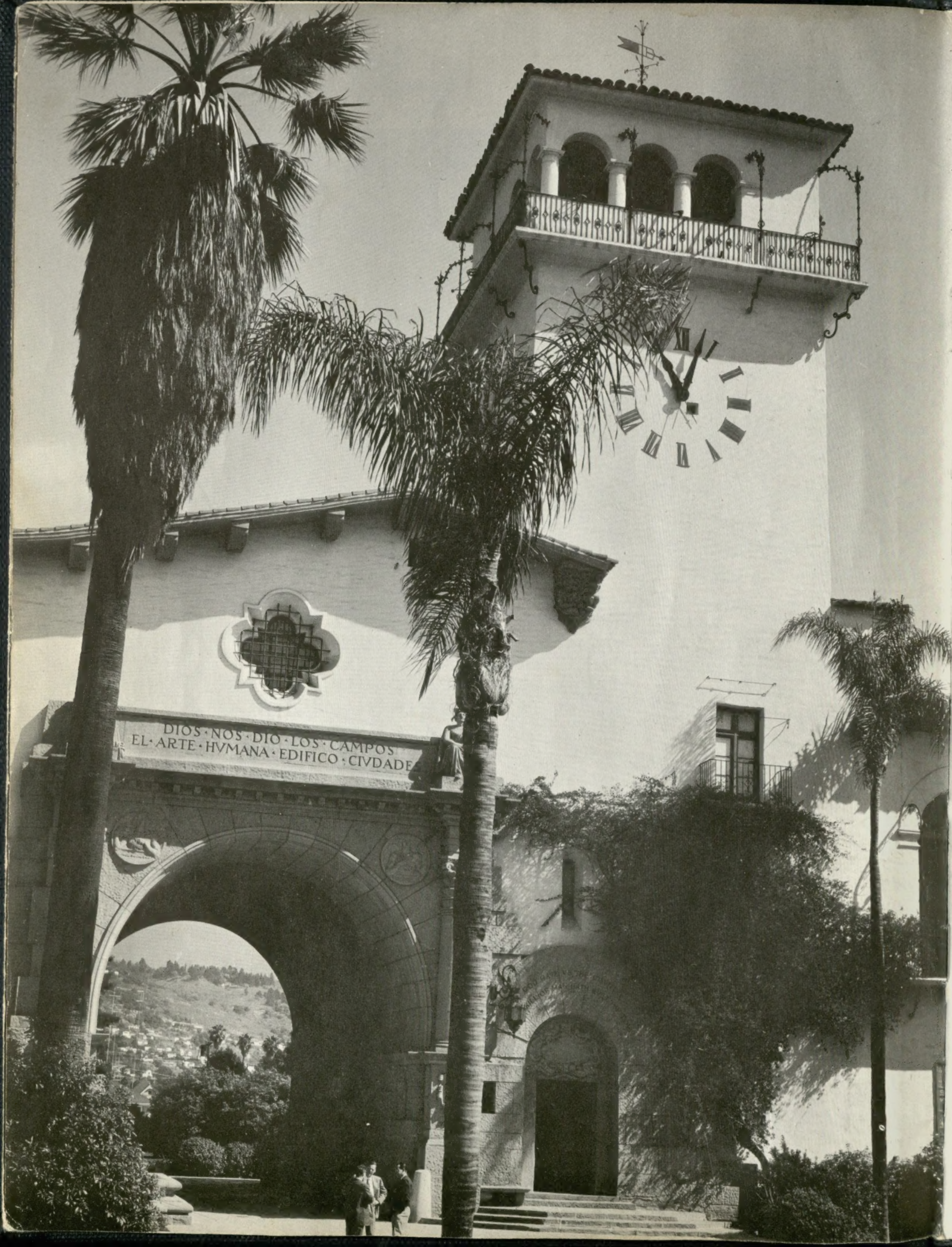
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SANTA BARBARA



SANTA BARBARA MISSION. Photo by Brett Weston.

SUNRISE Santa Barbara Harbor.
Photo by Brett Weston



THE SANTA BARBARA STORY

The past two decades have seen the State of California multiply into the biggest State in the union. Population has surged across her wide borders, doubling her again and again until the face if not the character of most of her communities has changed, become hardly recognizable.

Through all the uproar of these furious years, Santa Barbara has slumbered peacefully. The big white breakers have tumbled with monotonous regularity on her long, wide beaches. A few houses have been added here and there; a few more people, but still she remains the most unchanged community in the State to any Rip Van Winkle returning from a two-score nap.

Only in the past four years has time finally caught up with Santa Barbara. The tremors of the mid-twentieth California revolution seeped into her sinews.

It is changing her slowly, some for good, some for bad. The old guard is falling apart; some of her strongest leaders are dead or dying. There is a new vigor of a new bourgeois, mitigated by her past. There is a splash of new wealth, some evidences of a hungry tourism creeping in. There is even a show of gambling interests seeking to gain respectability by moving into this ancient citadel of conservatism.

(How much this revolution will change her will depend on new-found leadership, the character and development of her past and her peculiar geography.)

Santa Barbara today is an autonomous metropolitan center of some 60,000 persons, lodged on a 30-mile coastal plain of an eight-mile width.

Flanked by the ocean and the Channel Islands on one side, it is guarded by the fast-rising Los Padres range on the other.

Santa Barbara at a glance is a clean-looking, beautiful city, outwardly effusing wealth, with enough white buildings and tile roofs to give the appearance of a sympathetic Spanish architecture.

It is one of the most mature, stable communities in California, a place where more than a few businessmen can say their grandfathers were born or came from. It is a place where on a return visit you find the same hotel clerk or government official that has been there for thirty years.

However, today this is becoming less and less a fact.

Santa Barbara is a city that was a town when much of California was still a jack-rabbit paradise, San Francisco, an encampment. It had a population of 4,000 in 1880 when Los Angeles was an adobe village of 10,000.



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It was a going incorporated city, containing the first producing oil wells in the State and West, when Stonewall Jackson's Confederate Army penetrated Pennsylvania in 1862.

It had a population of nearly 40,000 before California broke into its second immigrant rush in the late thirties and early forties. Then, its sister-like community in Northern California, the Monterey Peninsula, had a total of less than 10,000 for its grouping of three towns, compared to a present fast-growing 80,000.

Santa Barbara at a glance is many things, sometimes an enigma. It is a drowsy looking town in the Southern California sun whose exterior shields one of the most civic-minded populations in the State. A city that has an expensive recreation program second to none; a small town willing to spend \$20,000 a year for a superintendent of schools, approximately the same as a Congressman gets.

It is a friendly community of sophisticates that accepts its culture without pretensions. It has a major university, the University of California at Santa Barbara, other smaller colleges, one of the outstanding museums of art on the Pacific Coast, a Music Academy of the West, a Museum of Natural History, a highly touted Botanical Garden, a lively theater circle, a wide selection of artists, writers and photographers, many of whom got their start there. It has more bookstores per capita than any other community in the state, including Berkeley.

It is a city that movie producers have long called the Boston of the West, shown their previews to for reaction before releasing them for national consumption. Al Jolsen insisted that his Jazz King be tested there; nearly two decades later he spent an agonizing two hours in a State street theater lobby while his Jolsen Story was previewed and approved.

Santa Barbara is that rarity among California cities, an autonomous unit, not overshadowed by a major city. It is like a Tucson in Arizona, a Santa Fe in New Mexico. Only ninety miles from Los Angeles, it is not a Pasadena, a Riverside, to Los Angeles, or compared to the north, a suburban San Mateo or Palo Alto, overshadowed by San Francisco.

Santa Barbara is Santa Barbara, the capital of Santa Barbara County, which has an estimated population of 140,000. It is the trading center for the coastal area to the south of Summerland and Carpinteria; in the north its mercantile area stretches to Goleta, the more distant communities of the Santa Ynez Valley and Santa Maria Valley.

Although Santa Barbara is still kingpin in the County, the County's major population explosion has taken place in the Santa Maria Valley, as a result of the permanent encampment of the Vandenberg missile base. Some of its influence will be eventually lost to this area.

Santa Barbara was for years a paradox of a community of many achievements willing to balance along on the

gifts of its gentry. In the days before the big income tax it had already been given most of its public structures by a spirited citizenry, many of whom initially came as visitors. Bernard Hoffman, an architect from Massachusetts, rebuilt many of its adobes including the El Paseo; a community leader who collected bird eggs built his hobby into the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History. Major Max Fleischmann donated \$200,000 to build a breakwater for the harbor, which in the end was too small for his yacht. Later he built its polo field. Frederick F. Peabody built the high school stadium. Its Bird Refuge, tennis court, Lobero Theater, and even its Art Museum were largely constructed with private funds. *private funds*

Lulled by the security of its wealth, it was the only city in the State that forewent a reassessment of property values from 1922 to 1950.

It is a town whose merchants got together a few years back and spent a small fortune on a survey as to what the town needed. When advised its future lay as a resort town and that it should spend an advertising budget of upwards of \$100,000, the survey was promptly buried.

Changing times and views were evidenced by the recent advertisement of the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce in the Los Angeles Times. Seeking visitors, the ad pointed out that the Ventura Freeway has brought Santa Barbara 45 minutes closer to Los Angeles.

For years visitors to Santa Barbara, if they were lucky, had to content themselves with its Country Club golf course, owned by the Olympic's Avery Brundage, and open to only a select few.

Several attempts to build a public course were turned down and a valuable decade lost before a new public course was finally built.

In its inimitable style, Santa Barbara, which has worked so successfully with citizen committees, organized another in 1954 under the city government to encourage light and electronic industries to supplement the area's income.

When the response came, much of the industry was pushed to the outskirts, leaving the city with most of the headaches and little of the taxable income. As more requests poured in, the committee disbanded, turned its work over to the Chamber of Commerce. Only those firms sympathetic to the community not only in the smokeless type, but character and income of employees, are encouraged today.

Santa Barbara is a highly selective, individual town that makes its living off its resort business, both winter and summer, its university, its new budding light and scientific industries, its agriculture crops of lemons and walnuts and its retired.

It is a community that mixes visitors, the wealthy retired, the plain retired, the university student and professor, ranchers and lemon growers, with a new group of scientists. It is a mixture of producers and spectators, with the doers having the edge.

It is a town that is a combination of ultra-conservatism and frantic intellectual liberalism. Politically its party registration is about even, with the Republicans having a light nod in number at present. Its Democrat registration is a strange mixture, ranging from Montecito millionaires to famous names, including President Wilson's daughter, Eleanor McAdoo, to a collection of professors and scientists and white collar laborers.

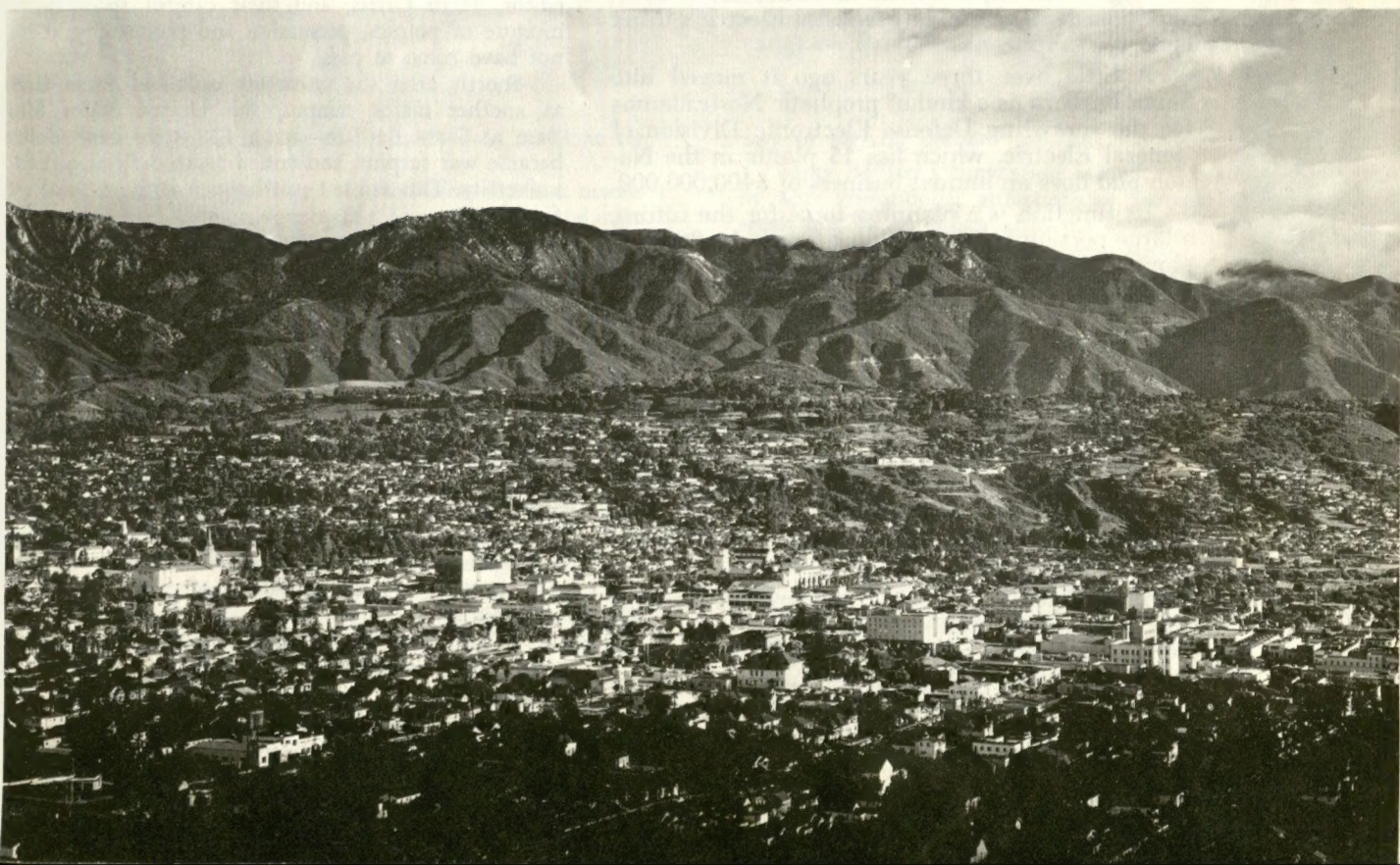
It is a wealthy town with a Democratic paper. Politically conservative, the paper was independent enough to support Adlai Stevenson for President while backing a Republican Congressman in 1956.

Santa Barbara is a town steeped in enough maturity and tradition to have picked itself up from an earthquake

Continued on page 14



TWO VIEWS OF Santa Barbara. Top picture is taken from the Riviera. In the distance can be seen the Channel Islands. Bottom picture taken from a Mesa area hilltop shows the reverse view of Santa Barbara. Photos by Brett Weston.



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in 1925 and rebuilt along Spanish lines.

And yet at the same time it a town where a cop may halt you for a fast boulevard stop with the criticism: "Don't make any more of those Mexican stops!"

It is a community that once a year celebrates its old Spanish days, but does little to improve the slum conditions of its lower economic Latin population, living almost in the shadows of its city hall.

But Santa Barbara, which has slumbered so gracefully so long, is in the definite throes of a revolution.

Its population in the past four years has leaped ten thousand, more than the total increase for the decade previous.

Santa Barbara's new impetus is at least sixfold. It is represented in a fledgling group of new science industries and think factories, the expanding University of California at Santa Barbara, some other new light industry, the ever present expansion of a visitor industry within and into California, the continual spillings out of Los Angeles, the U. S. population explosion and continued westward movement.

The scientist, the new bourgeois of this century, is part of it. No longer a pilgrim without funds, a philosopher without means, the industrial scientist of today is an economic if not a political voice in any area.

Already he is heavily represented in Santa Barbara. There are nine major electronic and research firms in Santa Barbara and many smaller ones with a working force of 3,000. Ninety-one per cent of this field of employees makes from \$7,500 to \$11,000 a year with an extreme in the top categories of \$40,000.

A good example of his influence on a community is demonstrated by General Electric's think factory, *Tempo*.

A little over three years ago it moved into Santa Barbara as a kind of prophetic Nostradamus for the sprawling Defense Electronic Division of General Electric, which has 15 plants in the Nation and does an annual business of \$400,000,000.

Its function is a planning force for the future, a large portion for the military forces. Its 260 employees have taken over the seven-story Balboa building and the entire Santa Barbara Hotel. The company has an option on 75-acre tract of land in Summerland on which to build a facility, plans a gradual expansion to several thousand employees.

Half of its people are under 35. Nearly 90 per cent of the professional staff are college graduates, 16 per cent have doctorates and more than half a master's degree. Two-thirds of this working force have bought homes in the Santa Barbara area. The firm's Santa Barbara payroll is in excess of two and one-half million dollars a year.

It is difficult to evaluate the group's thinking role. Its 150 research specialists sweep over a divergent field of physics, political science, psychology, mathematics and military strategy. Its studies range from the adequacy of freeways to commercial analysis of the population explosion.

Most of its information is classified.

However, it is easy to see both its financial and cultural impact on Santa Barbara.

Multiplied by other electronic firms, Santa Barbara today has already become a nucleus in the field and will breed other like firms.

It is equally true that some electronic industries have fallen by the wayside and that the loss of a government contract can shut down a plant. But in a sputnik-spurred world of space travel and satellites it would appear the electronic industries, especially those run by the large firms, will be around for a while.

At the same time other light-industrial firms like Bristol-Meyers Drugs, which has bought an option on a sizeable piece of Carpinteria land, are eyeing the area.

So important a sleeper has the Santa Barbara coast become that recently a big syndicate of western and eastern investors snagged the 4,000 acre Bishop Ranch, Corona Del Mar, that stretches from the outskirts of Goleta clear to Gaviota along the coast. They dished out a cold \$5,000,000 cash for the ranch and were willing to buy a Hayward, California, ranch in Northern California in order to cinch the deal.

Another impetus to the Santa Barbara revolution is its University of California, probably the institution of the most lasting significance.

California's Robert Gordon Sproul maintained that Santa Barbara would be only a liberal arts college restricted to a maximum of 3,500 students. He misjudged both the prolificness of the mid-century California family and the continued invasion of population across her borders.

A scarce decade since this proclamation, his successor to the presidency of the world's biggest university, President Kerr, has been forced to admit that Santa Barbara no longer can be restricted to a liberal arts college but that her enrollment at a conservative guess will surpass 10,000 by 1970.

The University of California, following World War II was reluctant to take the then teacher-training school, Santa Barbara College, under her wing. If it had not been for T. M. Storke and his late associate editor, Herb Orriss, and their careful spade work, a mixture of politics, persuasion and philosophy, it might not have come to pass.

Shortly after the university ordained Santa Barbara as another major campus, the United States Marine Base at Santa Barbara—some 408 acres near Goleta—became war surplus, and ended as an official gift to the university. This did not just happen without some astute finagling.

The college's two campuses, the Riviera and Mesa, have gradually moved to the new campus as buildings were converted and new permanent ones constructed.

Santa Barbara, with its equivalent pay scale to other branches of the University of California, its high standards and superiority of climate has had no difficulty attracting top professors.

The university which has placed great emphasis on building a top faculty by recruiting professors from across the Nation, has at the same time dipped into the able reservoir of talent in Santa Barbara for some of its instructors, resulting in a closer tie with the community.

Incidentally, Santa Barbara has among its retired population 17 former presidents of major United States universities.

With the college's emphasis moving away from the education department, less than 50 per cent of its students today are seeking teacher degrees. Among its strong departments are English, political science, biology and physical sciences, and art and music.

And with the announced policy of the university that it can no longer restrict UCSB to a liberal arts college, it is probably only a matter of time until other colleges



Photo
Don Ornitz



THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA at Santa Barbara is one of the institutions of most lasting significance added to the local scene. Among the new buildings on its 408-acre campus is the Music Building.

Photo by Karl Obert.

such as engineering, law and possibly even medicine are gradually added.

Another major impetus in the Santa Barbara revolution lies in its discovery by Los Angeles visitors and other tourists.

The inhabitants of the great thrifty drug store-like conglomeration that is Los Angeles, sneezing and rubbing their eyes from smog, have more and more slipped away on weekends to Santa Barbara. All many await is the assurance that they can make a living there to make the visit permanent.

Further impetus has been gathered from the increasing number of winter and summer visitors to Santa Barbara. Not only are they from out of State, but California and its swelling population is rapidly building an active tourist industry within itself.

The city's meeting facilities, including its Fox Arlington Theater, its Armory and its Lobero Theater, are capable of taking care of conventions up to 5000 persons. It has 75 motels and 33 hotels able to accommodate 8000 visitors a night.

Many of the visitors return to live there. Undoubtedly they figure heavily in the Santa Barbara retail sales that totaled \$115,854,000 in 1959, according to Sales Management Magazine's sur-

vey of buying power.

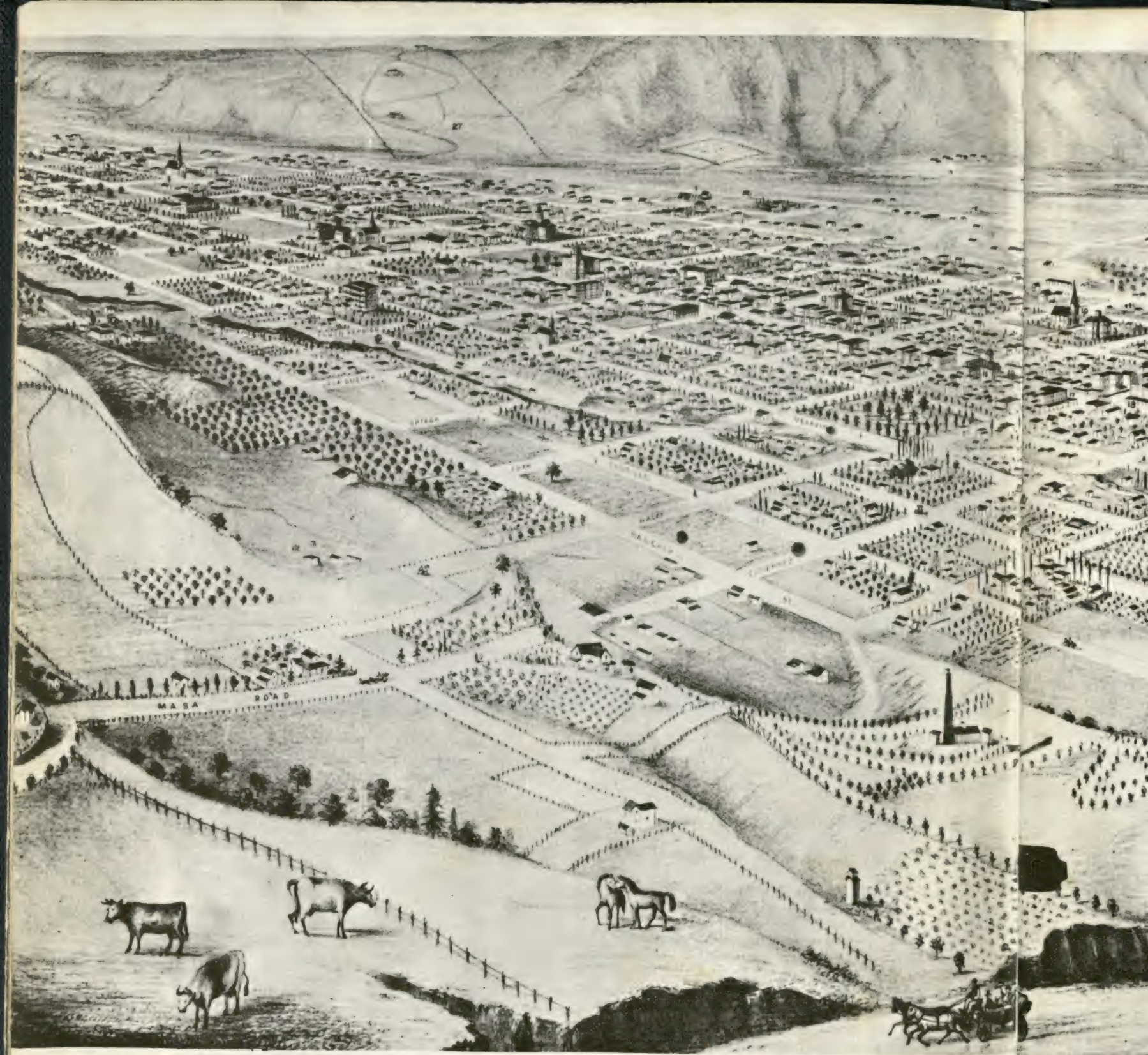
Santa Barbara's convention activities are augmented by such visitor-dollar attractions as Semana Nautica, a week-long event, dedicated to the sportsmen of the sea; its national dog show, an American Kennel Club bench show held at Hope Ranch, which usually corners about 1000 of the top bluebloods and their masters; a national horse show, one of the most genuine and spectacular equestrian events remaining in the State; several big flower shows and the annual national sports car races.

Its major event, of course, is its lengthy annual Fiesta. It is to Santa Barbara what the California Rodeo is to Salinas, the Bach Festival to Carmel, or the Tournament of Roses to Pasadena.

Still another facet of its visitor-dollar is Santa Barbara's high society. Mostly a spectator-rich group that diletantes between Montecito and Hope Ranch, the Biltmore's Cabaña and other lesser-known bistros, and containing some genuine energetic contributors to the community's welfare, it comprises many of the really top drawer, blue-book bloods of America. In California it rivals San Francisco in outstanding veins.

Its weekend and seasonal guests are many, often come from the top original drawers of New Orleans,

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Drawn and Published by E. S. Glover.

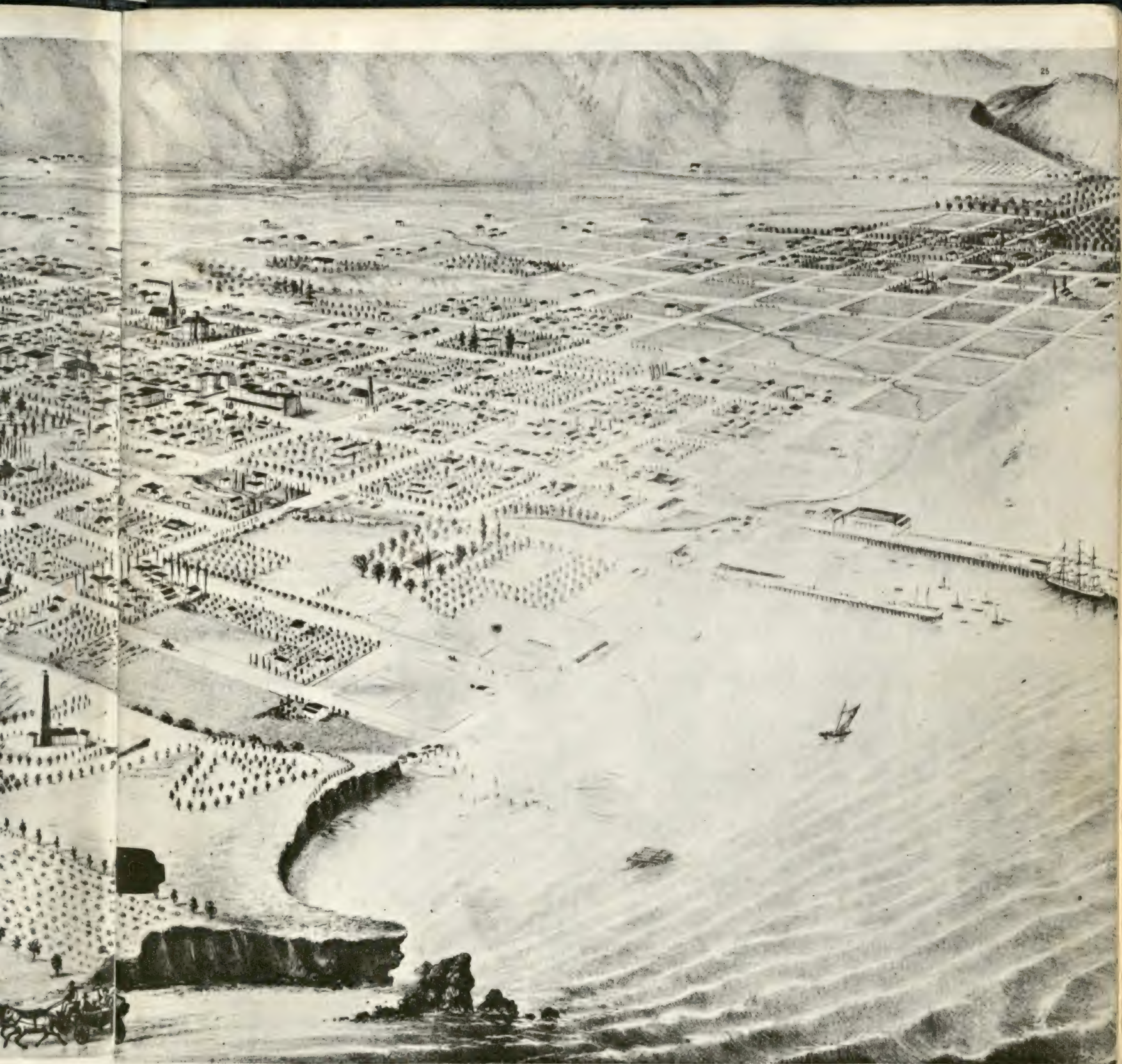
- 1—Santa Barbara College
- 2—St. Vincent School
- 3—Public School Buildings
- 4—Old Mission School
- 5—Episcopal Church
- 6—Presbyterian Church
- 7—Catholic Church

- 8—Methodist Church
- 9—Baptist Church
- 10—Congregational Church
- 11—Episcopal Church
- 12—County Court House
- 13—City Offices
- 14—Theatre Building

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF SANTA BARBARA

CALIFORNIA, 1877.

Looking North to the Santa Barbara Mountains



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF

SANTA BARBARA,

CALIFORNIA, 1877.

North to the Santa Barbara Mountains.

A. L. Hancock & Co., Lithographers, S. F.

- 15—Arlington Hotel
- 16—Occidental Hotel
- 17—Morris House
- 18—I.O.O.F. Hall and Library
- 19—Santa Barbara Press Office
- 20—Santa Barbara County Bank
- 21—National Gold Bank

- 22—Mission Canyon
- 23—Sycamore Canyon
- 24—Hot Springs
- 25—Oil District
- 26—Quicksilver Mine
- 27—Rockland Tract

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Boston, New York or Richmond.

Santa Barbara's present traces of revolutionary throes have caused problems, many of which are typical on different scales of other California communities.

That Santa Barbara may well handle them differently is a forgone conclusion; at the same time one cannot evaluate either its problems or prophesy its future without a careful look into its history and some of its major personalities.

The character of a community, like a nation's, is not built in weeks; it is a long development, measured in time, its history and its people.

Santa Barbara got its start early in American history.

Juan Cabrillo, a Portuguese navigator, whose shekels like Columbus', came from the Spanish Crown, pushed a couple of pint-sized vessels into Santa Barbara Bay in 1542.

Before he broke an arm and was buried on a Channel Island, he was greeted by a fleet of Indian canoes, the Yanoli or Canaliño Indians that rowed out of the Mission Creek canal to say "Howdi". They lived on the present site of Santa Barbara and history records that the coast housed some 15,000 who blended their knowledge of fishing and canoes with an agricultural bent.

Archeologists have discovered that these inhabitants, possibly of Alaskan origin with a 2000 year squatter's lease on the land, were preceded if not blended with a higher culture of flat-nose Mongolian types. Archeologists also, digging in the Channel Island some 30 miles distant from the Santa Barbara Coast, have found Mastadons and other prehistoric animal fossils, predating a still earlier genesis, and suggesting that the Islands themselves were once a part of the mainland.

By the time Cabrillo's discovery paid off a couple of centuries later, 1769, with an overland visit by Capt. J. Gaspar de Portola and Father Juan Crespi, the Canaliño Indians were firmly entrenched in Santa Barbara, had used up many of its best sites for graveyards, one for women and one for men.

According to Father Crespi's diary, the Indians were mainly monogamous, though chiefs were allowed two wives; the women were treated in higher regard than by most American tribes. The natives were friendly and showered an abundance of food on their visitors.

The Portola expedition across California was for the purpose of establishing an El Camino Real, or Royal Highway, and a string of Missions.

However, it was not until thirteen years later that Capt. Jose de Ortega and Father Junipero Serra, accompanied by 36 soldiers, returned to Santa Barbara to found a Presidio and a Mission.

Ortega, who insisted on first things first, and first meaning a fort; delayed beginning construction of the Mission for four years. Father Serra, crushed after two years, returned by foot to Carmel, where he died.

The Santa Barbara Mission was begun in 1786 and completed four years later, with the help of Indian labor. It was the tenth in the California string to be built.

On completion, the Mission fathers found that they had to contend with a Santa Barbara trait, prosperity and reluctance to change.

In the first few years few of the Indians showed up to have their babies baptized or to take the faith; this was largely because the natives already enjoyed more prosperity than the Spanish soldiers and could see little reason to change their ways.

Gradually, however, the resistance was overcome.

Ortega, for his good work both in Santa Barbara and

later as commandant of the Presidio at Monterey, was given a big grant of land, Rancho Refugio de Ortega.

Incidentally this ranch, now a combined bird sanctuary and producing oil field of Signal Oil company, lying 25 miles north of the city limits of Santa Barbara, was shelled by a Japanese submarine in World War II. No damage was done to speak of but it bears the distinction of being the only part of American soil shelled by a foreign power for over a century.

Spanish settlers were encouraged to come to Santa Barbara by being paid \$116.50 annually for the first two years and \$60 for the next three. In addition, they were given clothing and other necessary articles at cost, use of government lands for cultivation, pasture, wood and water, and the right to sell their surplus.

However, cultivation and growing of crops in both San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara Counties preceded the coming of the Spanish.

Santa Barbara had progressed to the point by 1793, that an English explorer, Vancouver, visiting the town rated it "by far more civilized than any other Spanish establishment".

It was not unusual, therefore, when Mexico and other Latin American countries rebelled against Spain in the early 1820's that all the Santa Barbarans did was to haul down the flag of Spain and run up the Mexican flag.

Santa Barbara in the first half of the 19th century gained further prosperity and an influx of Yankee and English citizens.

The prosperity came from ships willing to trade goods for cattle hides and beef, and many an early cattle baron was made.

By 1850 its cattle were driven on foot to San Francisco, for the manufacture of hides, tallow, as well as to supply food for the '49ers.

The Eastern Yankee soon made a place for himself in the community. In many cases he changed to Mexican citizenship, became a Catholic, and married a Spanish Don's daughter.

A typical case is that of Joseph Chapman, a pirate who became one of the city's leading citizens.

On his arrival in Santa Barbara in 1818 on jumping ship, he was met by an angry posse which was bent on executing him for his ship's sacking the Ortega ranch.

He talked himself out of the hanging, ended up marrying Guadalupe Ortega, the heiress of the very ranch that he had help sack.

Other immigrants were otter hunters. Many of the Americans jumped ship and stayed while the Russians usually took on water and supplies and left.

Another gentle spurt to Santa Barbara's growth was the publication in 1836 of Richard Dana's *Two Years Before The Mast*.

Dana left Harvard before graduating because of weak eyes. He shipped as a common sailor aboard the merchant ship Pilgrim, that travelled up and down the California coast between 1834-36. Later he returned to college and published a narrative of his travels which is a classic both on the life of the seaman of the time and early Californiana.

Dana described Santa Barbara's fine climate, its fine coast, cattle farms, and the gracious living of its inhabitants, causing a few more adventuresome Easterners to settle there.

Dana also gives an interesting slant on the domestic relations of the Californian of the era.

"The men art thriftless, proud, and extravagant, and very much given to gaming; and the women have but little education, and a good deal of beauty, and their morality, of course is none of the best; yet the instances of infidelity are much less frequent than one would at first suppose.

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NO ACCOUNT OF SANTA BARBARA would be complete without mention of the earthquake that struck June 29, 1925. After interrupting Mass at the Mission that had been felled by a similar quake in 1812, in nineteen seconds it sent the Sheffield Reservoir tumbling with 40,000,000 gallons of water spilling into Sycamore Canyon. It took 12 lives and destroyed twenty-million dollars' worth of property. In the end it helped rebuild Santa Barbara along Spanish lines. Two of its victims were the California Hotel, whose doll house remains are pictured above, and the old clock building that was completely dumped. The latter vanished completely from the American scene when the clock was shipped to Japan on the eve of World War II as scrap.





MANSIONS from the day when a man showed his position through the size of his estate are part of the Santa Barbara heritage. Above is the Jones expanse on Cabrillo. Below, the Aimee Dupont cottage in Montecito. Photos by Karl Obert.





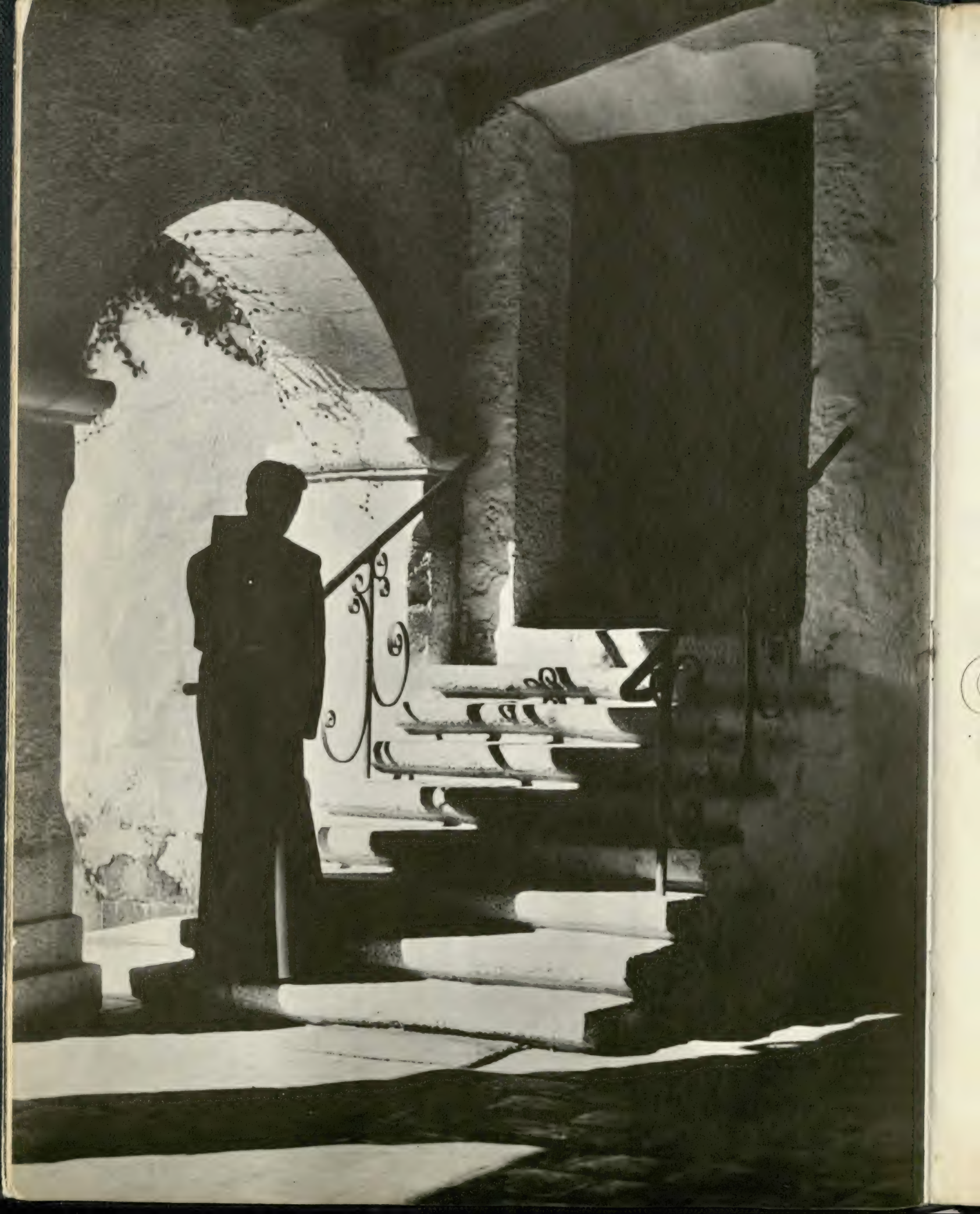
THE STORKES, father Charles in portrait, and T. M. Storke at desk, have played an important part in Santa Barbara's history. The House they built, the News-Press, is on the right. Photos by Brett Weston.

Photos by Brett Weston.



Below are pictures of the El Paseo, originally the De La Guerra adobe, and a view of State Street looking toward the ocean. Brett Weston photos.





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"In fact, one vice is set over against another; and thus something like a balance is obtained. The women have but little virtue, but then the jealousy of their husbands is extreme, and their revenge deadly and almost certain. A few inches of cold steel has been the punishment of many an unwary man, who has been guilty, perhaps of nothing more than indiscretion of manner. The difficulties of the attempt are numerous, and the consequences of discovery fatal. With the unmarried women, too, great watchfulness is used. The main object of the parents is to marry their daughters well, and to this, the slightest slip would be fatal.

"The sharp eyes of a dueña, and the cold steel of a father or brother, are a protection which the characters of most of them—men and women—render by no means useless; for the very men who would lay down their lives to avenge the dishonor of their own family would risk the same lives to complete the dishonor of another."

Dana goes on to observe:

"The Americans and Englishmen, who are fast filling up the principal towns, and getting the trade into their hands, are indeed more industrious and effective than the Spaniards; yet their children are brought up Spaniards, in every respect, and if the 'California fever' (laziness) spares the first generation, it always attacks the second."

Dana's book practically became a bible on California when the Gold of 1849 occurred since it was the only knowledgeable book on the California coast written. It was carried in the knapsacks of many a '49er.

Dana went on to become a famous Eastern lawyer as well as a writer; revisited the California coast in 1860, 24 years later. He wrote an agenda to his original book, and mentions Santa Barbara:

"And there lies Santa Barbara on its plain, with its amphitheatre of high hills and distant mountains. There is the old white Mission with its belfries and there the town, with its one story adobe houses, with here and there a two story wooden house of later build; yet little is it altered—the same repose in the golden sunlight and glorious climate, sheltered by its hills. . . .

"Santa Barbara has gained but little. I should not know, from anything I saw, that she was now a seaport of the United States, a part of the enterprising Yankee nation, and not still a lifeless Mexican town."

At the same Dana writes of San Francisco:

"How strange and eventful has been the brief history of this marvelous city, San Francisco! In 1835 there was a one board shanty. In 1836, one adobe house on the same spot. In 1847, a population of four hundred and fifty persons . . . it is now (1859) of nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants."

When Santa Barbara was incorporated in 1850 it had a population of 2,000 persons, of which 1000 were Caucasian, the remainder Indians. At that time land values in its seemingly inexhaustible expanse were extremely cheap. Land in Carpinteria sold for 25 cents an acre. Mentecito values were higher at 50 to 75 cents an acre. Three city lots were sold in 1856 for a buck each.

Santa Barbara was almost completely bypassed by the gold rush of the Sacramento country and Nevada's Comstock Lode. And it missed out on the Death Valley boom of silver, gold and borax.

It did, however, feel a few vibrations from Senator Jones' attempts to push Santa Monica, during his Pan-amint City boom.

Santa Barbara's slow, reasoned growth seemed to continue despite what happened elsewhere. It was accentuated in the three next decades by its development as a health resort, promotion of oil and the eventual late coming of the railroad.

In 1872 Charles Nordhoff, grandfather of the Charles Nordhoff who collaborated with James Hall on the best seller, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, visited Santa Barbara. He published a best-seller on his travels that labeled it the "world's most ideal health resort."

Nordhoff, who came back to settle in Santa Barbara, also attracted, like Lincoln Steffens later in Carmel, a following of artists, writers, and the wealthy. He plugged for Santa Barbara's becoming a center for the cultured regardless of economic income.

Santa Barbara's oil was discovered in 1862, with the first wells lying on the land of the foothills of the Los Padres range.

In 1868 a seepage of oil was noted near Ortega Hill. This field, however, was not exploited until a spiritualist colony settled the village of Summerland on the Santa Barbara borders to the south, struck oil while drilling a water well in 1895. Old-timers there can remember piping in free gas to their houses, practically from the surface of the ground.

The Summerland Oil Company constructed wharves into the sea, the first sea drilling in American history, the rusted remains of which are still visible today.

The Summerland development caused a boom, placed the country's oil production third in the state until higher grade fields were discovered elsewhere. Even the Southern Pacific, a decade after discovery, took advantage of the oil to advertise in its then sponsored publication, *Sunset Magazine*, that passengers can actually see oil wells in operation from its big windowed coaches.

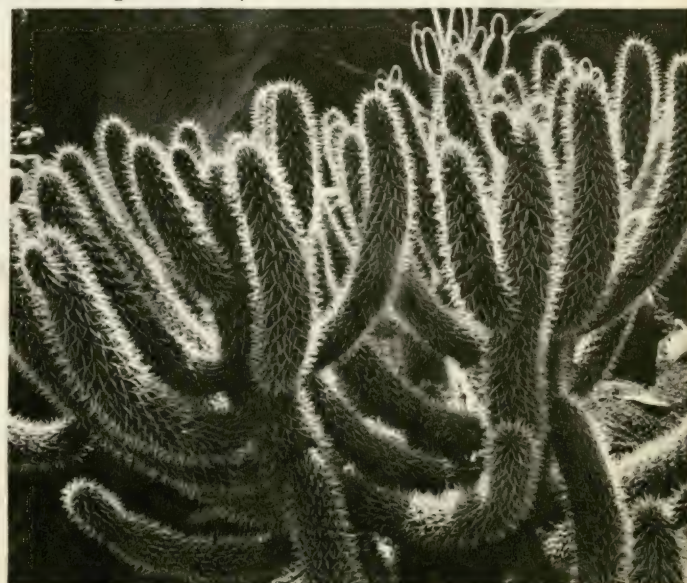
Santa Barbara's biggest oil boom to date came from its Elwood fields, 20 some miles north of the city limits. They were first brought in in 1927 and have been a major producer since.

An interesting repeat seems to be in the offing today with the tidelands drilling. Standard Oil is sinking a new well at the outskirts of Summerland, which rumors hold may be another major strike.

If so, it will cause problems in Santa Barbara's successful attempt so far to keep the coast in front of the city free of oil drillings.

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CACTUS garden Dupont Mansion. Photo by Brett Weston.



MONASTERY SHADOWS . . . Santa Barbara Mission.

Photo by Karl Obert.



SANTA BARBARA'S Botanic Garden is 35 acres of native shrubs, trees and flowers planted in Mission Can-

*yon. It was a gift to the city from Anna Blakesley Bliss.
Photo by Karl Obert.*

By the 1870's, Santa Barbara had obtained its first telegraph, lit up its city with gas lights, had established Santa Barbara College, two main wharves, including Stearns Wharf, that shared in California's budding lumber freight-trade which was then shipped by boat.

Santa Barbara went on in the next few years to pave most of its streets, have a horse-drawn trolley, a couple of newspapers.

Santa Barbara might have developed more rapidly if its railroad had not been so long delayed. It was not until 1887 that the town celebrated the arrival of the Southern Pacific branch line from Saugus on the Los Angeles-Bakersfield run. It took to the turn of the century plus an additional year before a reluctant Southern Pacific ran its first coast train on the Southern Pacific Coast Line from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

The Southern Pacific line, which conveniently for the railroad only slices through some of the top real estate districts of Santa Barbara, Montecito and the Miramar Beach, has been both a boon and a headache to the city ever since.

In fairness to the railroad, it has had a genuine problem because of the limited coastal width of the city.

Only the continual harassment of its city government, residents and newspapers—"this is not a one horse town"—prevent its freight trains from tying up car traffic for hours. In a more progressive age of railroading and of lower costs, the railroad would have possibly built underground to accommodate the beauty of the town and the

citizenry, but in an age when the mainstay of railroads is freight instead of people (passengers), there is little hope that such an ordinary vision of harmonizing beauty be adopted.

At the turn of the century Santa Barbara had a cosmopolitan population of 6,587 persons. It continued a slow mushrooming growth. In 1901 Milo Potter, a Los Angeles hotel man, built a plush hotel, costing \$150,000, a healthy figure in those days. On a 30 acre tract, it was capable of entertaining 1,000 guests. The adjacent suburb of Montecito, in that age of showing one's wealth, became a center of huge luxurious estates.

By 1920 its population had reached 20,000. More and more businesses, starting with the venturesome Jordano Stores, decided to risk locating on other streets than State, one of the longest main streets in California and now having a separate adjunct named upper State Street.

By now Santa Barbarans were looking with growing apprehension at its almost midwestern-looking main street. The location during World War I of even a small aircraft factory was causing alarm. It later moved to Santa Monica.

Santa Barbara's fear of ending up with a 'gringo' appearance was quickly exploded on June 29, 1925, when an earthquake rocked the town, split open its Sheffield Reservoir, spilling 40,000,000 gallons of water down Sycamore Canyon to the sea. The quake destroyed

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Denmark USA

SOLVANG, SANTA YNEZ VALLEY

In the era shortly preceding World War I, California went through a unique period of colonization.

Unlike the gold rush or the post-World War II pourings, this was not a vast mass-scale invasion. Instead it was a period when a number of new towns were founded primarily as an outlet to religious or personal convictions, national prides and hurts.

A thwarted visionary, E. G. Lewis, encamped Atascadero as a mixture of real estate optimism and idealism. Lompoc was founded by Hollister as an expression against the fine art of drinking. Solvang was cornerstoned by an old-world group who felt forfeiture of their native barren soil should not obviate their ancestral pride and customs in this new world.

And so it was that a group of Danish educators from the Midwest met in San Francisco and formed a corporation for the establishment of a new Danish colony in the West in 1910.

They sought to build a community around a folk college; the town was to be supported by individual farms.

The leaders spotted the long valley and cheap land of the Santa Ynez in a statewide tour. And in the shadows of the Mission Santa Ines, last of the Franciscan missions, founded in 1804, this protestant community of Danes dug into the rich, dark soil.

Today Solvang (Sunny Field), a half-century since its founding is still largely a Danish community. Since World War II many of its new settlers are again direct immigrants from Denmark.

Today the 1800 persons that inhabit this unincorporated community and its environs, one hour's drive from Santa Barbara, continue to enjoy the benefits and problems of a singular satellite area.

Solvang today is a conglomerate; a mixture of small farms and elaborate dude ranches; a community of 50 retail merchants, mostly husband and wife teams, that more and more balance a domestic economy with an eye to an ever-growing tourist traffic.

Today the original "Atterdag" folk college is history. Founded on the principle of Socrates that knowledge should be disseminated by the tongue and not by books, with a bit of Danish calisthenics thrown in, it went into disuse before World War II.

The original Danish festival that gained





The main street of Solvang is shown here. Photo by Brett Weston

national prominence through an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1946 also has been discontinued, at least temporarily.

A couple of years back over 50,000 persons engulfed this small community affair one July week in search of Danish customs, food, drink, a sprinkling of Danish windmills and architecture and something new.

The prosperous townfolk decided it was too much and more interested in living than in sideshows, they decided to let it drop for awhile. Possibly sometime in the future it may be held in the quieter winter months.

Singularly, this incident puts a finger on an inherent conflict in the town. Many are against making the settlement a tourist attraction. Others feel the town would do well to take further commercial advantage of the American love for anything that is different and even restrict architecture to hew the Danish line.

In any case the growth of tourism in California, and the outpourings to Cachuma Dam, one-million

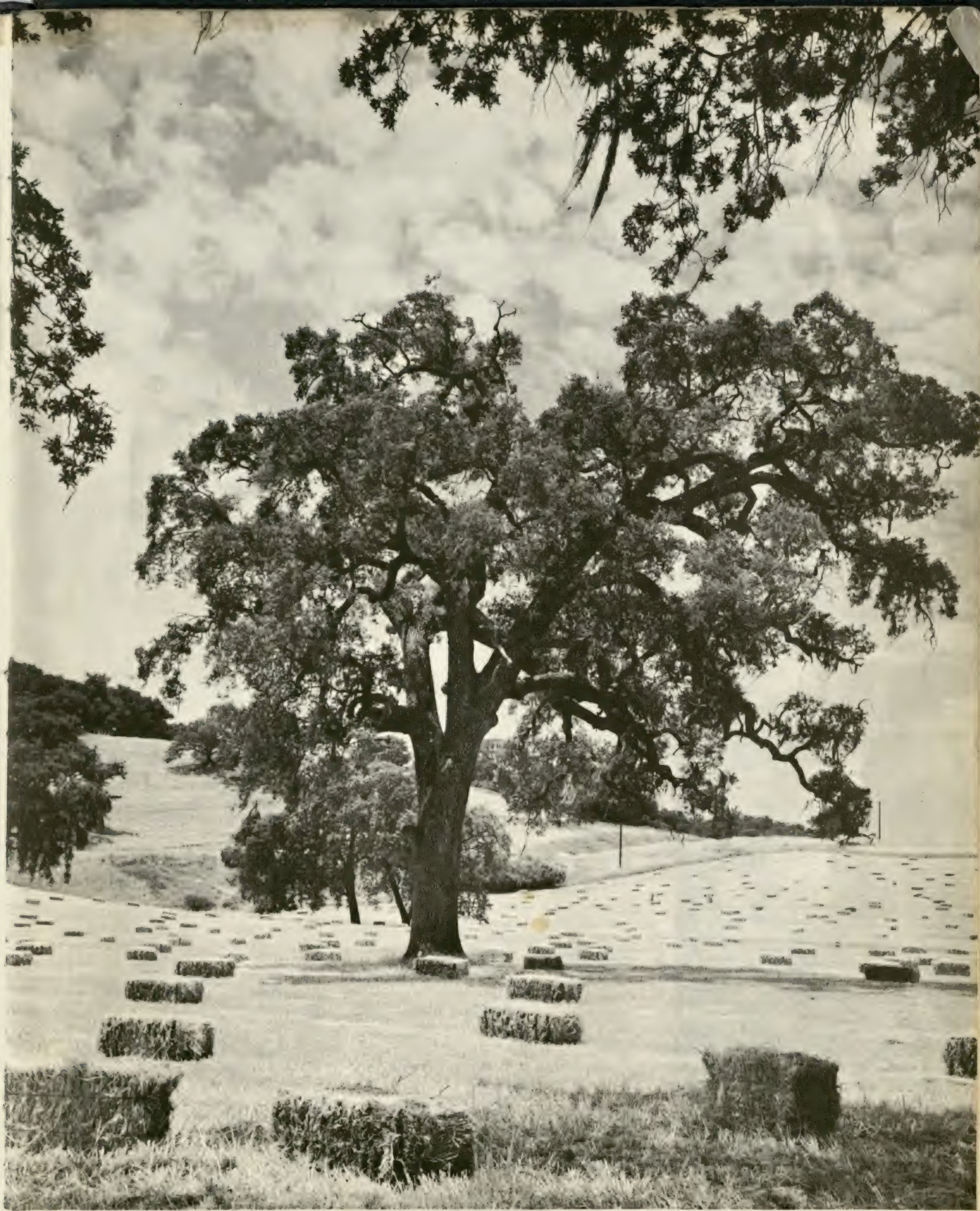
a year, thirty minutes away, meanwhile help fill its half-dozen motels, its gift shops and its Danish bakeries and restaurants.

The Santa Ynez Valley has little industrial potential from a genuine geophysical position. It has no railroad; is off the main highroad and is too far for the average daily commuter to Santa Barbara. As a suburb of Los Angeles this might be a different story.

Solvang, it would seem, will continue to be largely a residential community. Its major assets are climate, space, soil and water. It is a good place to live or retire to; a difficult place to make a living without investment capital or unique professional requisites.

Solvang has a tourist potential in the exploitation of its Danish origin. Undoubtedly it will continue to reflect a slow measured growth expanded by the California population explosion. It will continue as a must for the visitor to Santa Barbara, who wants a leisurely drive, an outing or some Danish tidbits.

HARVEST TIME in the Santa Ynez Valley is caught in this photo by David Muench.





CACHUMA DAM is the insurer of Santa Barbara's water supply. This man-made lake and its adjoining 10,000 acre park is also a major recreational area visited by a million persons annually. Photo by David Muench.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS of Solvang on a slightly elevated plateau is the Santa Ines Mission, last of the San Franciscan chain to be built, secularized and restored.

It has perhaps had one of the most turbulent sagas of the Southern California missions.

It was built for three purposes: to take advantage of the rich soil and water supply of the Santa Ynez Valley; to convert the warlike Tulare Indians; to afford a protection to the passes linking Santa Barbara to the Missions to the north. It is halfway between Purisima and Santa Barbara missions.

Even today entrance to Santa Barbara overland from the north can only be gained by the San Marcos Pass, Highway 150, and the Gaviota Pass, Highway 101.

Eight years after the Mission was built, an earthquake leveled it.

By 1925 the rebuilt Mission had 750 Indian converts.

But in that year the Tulare Indians were pressed for more duties to support the territorial soldiers and their families and the priests. Mexico had cut off the Army's pay as well as the Church tributes.

The Indians, spurred by the flogging of a Santa Ines neophyte by a Spanish petty officer, revolted. Incidentally the Mission was originally named for a fourth century Roman virgin and martyr.

The neophytes barricaded themselves in the Mission's largest building in protest. Additional soldiers arrived from the Santa Barbara Presidio and set fire to the building to

get them out.

The Indian tribesmen retaliated by burning all the buildings but the main Chapel.

After normal life was resumed, the Mission was soon shaken by secularization.

It is possible the Mission might have escaped secularization had not a priest insulted the Mexican Governor Chico on a visit. The Governor ordered its immediate secularization.

In 1843 Governor Micheltorena issued a decree returning the Mission to the Franciscans and establishing a seminary, to be erected on a 35,000 acre tract adjoining the Mission.

When Pio Pico ousted Micheltorena in 1845, the seminary was closed and the lands sold for \$7,000 to Jose Covarrubias and Joaquin Carrillo.

In 1862, by a Presidential order, part of the original lands immediately surrounding the church were returned to the Catholic Church.

By then the Indians had fled, the pulpit had fallen, the main church arches had crumbled and snakes had infested most of the monastery.

In 1882 the Donahue family moved in to keep house for a new resident priest and without funds completed minor restoration. In 1904 Father Alexander Buckler, the new pastor for the area, was authorized to begin restoration. A large portion of the restoration was completed by the time of his retirement in 1924. Since 1948 other major restoration has been effected and the Mission has emerged with much of its original charm.



Inland between Santa Barbara and the resort of Ojai lies the rich Ojai Valley, where this ranch scenic was taken. Photo by Brett Weston

THE OJAI--Southern California's Nest

The Ojai has often been described as the Carmel of Southern California. Comparisons at best are generalities, since towns like individuals reflect certain idiosyncrasies based on their people, geography, timing and environment. Nevertheless, there are certain resemblances between this mountain boy of the South and its seashore Northern neighbor.

Both are historically new on the California horizon with heredities of individualism and a generous surplus of rich second and third generations.

David Starr Jordan, first president of Stanford University, in an article in *Scribners Monthly* in the 1880's discovered Carmel. Ojai got its modern start from the writings of Charles Nordhoff in the *New York Herald Tribune* in the 1870's. Both indirectly sent them on

artistic bends.

Both are resort communities sitting next to vast primitive areas of California.

Swift growth in the fifties and recent population spillings from Los Angeles into this Chumash Indian nest have created for this community many of the problems and profits that face its Northern neighbor. A decade late in discovery in today's mid-twentieth century California revolution, it still hasn't been entirely consumed. Being more directly influenced by a surrounding agrarian economy has kept it closer to the sod.

Ojai's cultural attributes have stemmed more from the gifts of its gentry, resembling Santa Barbara, than its northern neighbor. Even today it is an oasis of frantic community spirit.

Ojai was and still is a mixture of

middle-class homesteaders, farmers, commuters, transplanted Easterners, Okies and Englishmen. It's a cosmos of those who have, those who work and those who reap.

It is a graduate of the small town, a fast-disappearing scene on the California horizon. It has its good and bad local Babbitts and a synthesized crop of the summerfold and winterfold and an outside fold of summer and winter tourists.

Nearness to Los Angeles and the development of the auto in the twentieth century has given it some of its vitality and generous splashing of cults and educational resources, a continuous spilling of the sincere and not so sincere.

Climatewise the Ojai has little resemblance to its seashore rival. It's hot in summer; average 88 degrees, with a good supply of swimming pools and the beach



OJAI'S main street, showing Post Office tower and Arcade shops. Photo by the Blakelys.

only 15 miles away to compensate. Its winter climate is more like Tucson, Arizona, except there is more rain — 15 to 30 inches. The temperature averages 72 degrees.

The Ojai today is the center of a sprawling, fairly level valley of 18,000 square acres and 18,000 people. The valley is ringed by mountains. The vast acreage of Los Padres Forest is in the northeast; the Sulphur Mountains to the south and the Santa Ynez Range on the west.

The City of Ojai is located on a 1000 foot elevation in the lower valley. The upper Ojai valley quickly climbs to elevations of 2000 feet; within a short driving

range are mountain peaks of 6,000 feet, which are snowcapped in winter.

The 'Village' of Ojai is an incorporated city, and is the dominating member both in reputation and name of the towns of the Ojai Valley. The others in the western edge of the valley are Meiner Oaks, 3,700 population, Oak View, 3,500 population. On the edge of the entrance to the valley and on the way to Ventura is Foster Park. In a sense it is a suburb of the Ojai or more accurately a suburb of Ventura.

The Village of Ojai is in road miles: 14 from Ventura, 29 from Santa Barbara, 80 from Los Angeles and 350 from San Francisco.

It is easy to see from these figures that

population if not civilization is quickly encroaching the valley that still sits at the apex of some of the largest, wildest primitive areas of America.

The modern Ojai embryo dates from the secularization of the Missions in 1833. At that time the entire valley was part of the property of the prosperous Ventura Mission that carries part of its name, San Buenaventura. The Mission was founded in 1782, a year before the end of the American Revolution of the 13 colonies.

The Ojai Valley soon reverted to a Mexican land grant owned by Ferdinand de Tico. He sold its 18,000 virgin acres to a Henry Starrow Carnes for \$7,500 in 1853. Carnes subdivided the land in huge

chunks and sold them off.

In the early 1870's Charles Nordhoff, father of the Nordhoff who joined with Hall in writing *Mutiny on the Bounty* and other books, visited the Pacific Coast as a feature reporter for the *New York Herald Tribune*.

He wrote profusely of its tremendous future. In reality the Ojai then was a free, howling wilderness; home of a few hearty homesteaders, ranchers and the grizzly bear.

Many, however were attracted by the reporter's fluency. This incidentally pre-saged a time when almost every Pullman train in the winter in America was heading West with a full cargo of people with ailments.

Their Eastern doctors, unable to cure them, hid their ignorance by shipping them West to relieve their suffering. In most cases it did little to alleviate their illnesses and increased their discomforts in the poorly heated rooms of the West. It did extend their hopes and help settle Southern California.

Many a patient sought out the balmy climate of Ojai Valley. He was aided by an inspirationalist, R. G. Surdum, who had purchased 2,500 acres of the Ojai Valley, laid out the town of Nordhoff, later renamed Ojai.

With offices in Ventura at the Santa Clara Hotel and the work of a good printer he adorned his walls with splendid maps of the town. A good mailing list of Eastern doctors received a fine brochure of this oasis in the wilderness.

Fortunately, the brochure and the maps failed to point out that the town had yet to be built.

However, in fairness, one must mention that Surdum was sold by his own bill of goods and exerted all the energy of a fond parent for his project. For what it is worth, he offered one half of his worldly goods to the man who could discover a single case of uncured asthma in the Valley.

John Montgomery records in 1874 his arrival at Santa Barbara from the east and his decision to go to the Ojai.

"Do you wish to kill your wife?" said the Santa Barbara doctor. "Because surely she will die in that, wild place".

"The kind-hearted Spanish woman, who did our washing, cried over the children, who were so soon to be victims of the grizzly bears and the mountain lions; but we took the risks and hustled the family on board the little steamer, *San Luis*, and after a run of three hours, found ourselves in San Buenaventura, under the hospitable roof of the Santa Clara Hotel.

"The limit of civilization in Ventura at that time was Chaffee's corner; anything east of there was supposed to be connected with the cemetery; and a man who was seen descending the dusty hill where the Rose Hotel stands, would be asked: 'Whose funeral now?'

"Anxious to reach the Ojai, we hurried off in a private coach and the seven of

us safely alighted at the Blumberg Hotel.

"A. W. Blumberg — incidentally only fresh from New York himself — had just built the hotel; and on the opposite side of the road was a little shanty dignified by the name of a store; where one Herbert took your order, receiving the foods from Ventura in a week or so. The hotel and little store were the only habitations in Nordhoff to accommodate the teeming population of ten individuals including infants, for Mr. Blumberg's children were three, we think . . . We prepared for many surprises; but a hotel minus a population was original.

". . . One morning after our arrival we searched in vain for the grand square; the town hall site and improvements we had seen on the map; but grander than any map paintings was stamped on nature's great canvas, the dense oak forest, the perpetual play of sunshine through the foliage; the towering mountains, guardians of the rustic beauty below . . .

"Our last letter gave a review of Nordhoff as it appeared early in 1874. The population did not exceed fifty souls. The Upper Valley was settled a few years earlier. The families of Thomas Clark, Denison, Todd, Hobart, Pinkerton, Proctor and the Grays were there, some of them as early as 1870. Capt. Robinson settled in 1874. The best land sold for \$10 an acre.

"From the year 1874 to 1879 we were a harmonious and model community, living in peace and good fellowship, with no offensive inequalities . . . May Day parties and Christmas trees. Our population increased . . .

"But this Arcadian felicity was not to last forever, and the demon of discord was biding his time to entrap us. First, a top buggy came into the Valley and the wagon fell fifty points. Then one introduced, with her two accomplished daughters, a seven octave Steinway grand, and the organ trade disorganized to collapse. Later, a reading club was got up in the village, having a clause to avoid crowding, that members must reside in Nordhoff. This was equal to slamming the door in people's faces, and epithets "stuck up" and "high toned" were hurled back in retributive ejaculations."

Other early comers to the Ojai who shed a bit of light on the community's beginnings are the Gallys.

Benjamin W. Gally arrived from Wheeling, West Virginia in 1881 to purchase one-half interest in what was later known as the Gally Cottages. He returned to Virginia and married Mary Matilda Davidson. In 1883 he brought his bride to Nordhoff.

An early manuscript of hers tells the story:

"We reached Nordhoff, now Ojai, about sundown and my heart was like lead for the few houses were no larger than chicken coops, and when I found my house also was a one-story building and I must sleep on the floor, I lost all hope. I was sure the mountains would topple

over on me before morning.

"The village had but one street, or rather road, with a hotel on the side, on the other a drug store, two houses, a blacksmith shop and a post office in the corner of the one store where everything from a chisel to cheese could be bought. If not, one went without or rode fifteen miles to Ventura, almost a day's round-trip.

"You see, my early experience makes me prepare for any emergency, for I see again the mud bespattered stage, its four horses weary and sweating draw slowly up to the door with its load of provisions, mail and travelers. The latter often had to be lifted down and set carefully upon their feet, for their numb and cramped bodies refused to function after an all day drive over the mountains from Santa Barbara, and possibly wet feet from a dip in the Ventura river, where there was no Foster Park bridge to bring them over in safety.

"There was very little sociability in the valley outside of the Presbyterian Church where all denominations worshipped. The Church was built on an acre of land one mile east of town, donated by the Soule family, after plans sent from New York by Mrs. Charles Nordhoff.

". . . Even at that early day the Ojai was looked upon as a health resort but no doctor would waste his time locating there. In fact I can recall only one M.D. in the County, Dr. Bard, who had a home in Ventura and seldom slept there, but in his buggy or at his patients' homes for he ranged far and near to help any sufferer in the County. Often when an expectant father galloped to the County seat at Ventura, where every other building was a saloon and every fifth a livery stable, he would find the doctor had been called miles away. While waiting for his return he would celebrate the coming event with friends and later when he remembered why he happened to be in town, would hurry to the stable for his well-rested horse. He reached home to find the new member of his family had already arrived."

Epitomizing the early Ojai is the story of Jeff Howard. In search of independence he too came to the Ojai in the 1880's. He took up a claim in the mountains. One morning on a tour of his flock he discovered a Basque shepherd watching his flock and barley. Jeff Howard sought no answers.

He raised his rifle and shot; the Basque rolled from the rock.

That evening Jeff Howard went to Ventura to report to the sheriff the occurrence. He was locked up; found guilty and given 20 years. He escaped over a sixteen foot fence and was recaptured in Arizona a year later by a bounty hunter. He escaped a second time and nothing more was ever heard of Jeff Howard.

While women in the West speculated on the fact that government land was selling at \$1.25 an acre and good whiskey went for \$2 a bottle and many men died

THE OJAI--Southern California's Nest

landless swallowing up whole townships, Ojai continued to grow at a leisurely pace.

By the time the hypocritical and unsupportable 18th Amendment to the U. S. Constitution unfortunately made prohibition a law, Ojai had garnered nearly 1,000 people, was on the eve of incorporation.

And in the late years of World War I, Ojai was discovered by Ohioan Edward D. Libbey.

After acquiring extensive holdings, he embellished it with his capital. He furnished the impetus and some of the money for building the post office building and the arcade of shops which still dominate the main street.

In 1923 he backed the Country Club and an 18-hole golf course and the development of a 500-acre subdivision of oak tree land, now known as Arbolada Park; in addition he gave heavy contributions to the Ojai library and other civic functions.

Incidentally, while Ojai was getting its start, Meiners Oaks and Oak View were developed as unincorporated communities in the western part of the Valley.

Meiners Oaks was acquired in 1874, sight unseen, in collection of a \$900 debt by John Meiner, president of the Crean Brewing Co. of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It consisted of 960 acres.

After Meiner's death, his heirs continued the development of the property under the Ojai Ranch and Development Company. In the 1940's the Hickey Bros. Co. purchased the unsold balance of land and continued subdividing.

During the period between World Wars, Ojai went on a culture jag. In 1921 residents formed five art groups: The Community Chorus, The English Folk Dance Society, The Community Players, The Community Orchestra and the Arts and Crafts Group.

In 1936 the five groups were amalgamated into the Community Art Center. Some \$15,000 was raised by local subscriptions and the Art Center was built to accommodate the year-round shows of the various groups.

In 1926 the first of the Ojai Music Festivals was held. This event, now held annually in May or June, was reestablished in 1947. Both local and out-of-town area musicians of international reputation participate. Among the musicians have been such outstanding conductors as Bruno Walter and Igor Stravinsky.

In addition, the festival, which is a two week event, functions as a debut showcase for new professional talent.

As part of its cultural evolution Ojai has established more private elementary and secondary schools in its environs than any other community of comparative size west of the Rockies.

Thacher School was founded in 1889 by Sherman Day Thacher, a graduate of Yale and son of a Yale professor, who homesteaded 160 acres of its present 360-acre ranch campus.

It is comparable to many of Ojai's private schools. It is a non-sectarian boys' college-preparatory boarding school. It is academic 'larnin' with horsemanship and the arts thrown in.

The Ojai Valley School was founded in 1923 by Edward Yeomans. Located on 14 acres, the school specializes in children between the grades four through nine.

Another is the Happy Valley School. Its site is a 40-acre tract; the school also owns a 500-acre ranch and agricultural land. Founded in 1946, it is a non-sectarian, coeducational junior and senior high school boarding campus.

Others include: the Villanova Preparatory School, a Catholic boys' boarding and day school operated by priests; the Houghton School for Exceptional Children; Saint Joseph's Novitiate School and Camp Ramah.

The latter, the most recent addition to the Valley, is a non-profit Jewish educational institution sponsored by the United Synagogues of America on a year-round basis.

Ojai is also the home of the Krotova Institute, a theosophical establishment housed in 12 Spanish styled buildings on 120 acres of rolling hills. Its 10,000 volume free lending library has been named by the Library of Congress as one of the Nation's finest on philosophical, religious and metaphysical subjects. It also conducts a Braille publishing house for the blind.

Another unique institution in Ojai is the Grey Gables, a home for retired school teachers. They live in private cottages, meet in a communal dining room for meals and activities. Many of them use the home as a headquarters, spend a large portion of the year in world-wide travel. The teachers are famous in Ojai for their eagerness to participate in any community program.

These are the past ingredients from which Ojai's present comes.

Ojai has garnered most of its swift growth in the past decade, more than doubled its population and tripled its sales gross. The most rapid expansion has been in the last four years.

The City of Ojai had a retail sales of two million in 1949, four million in 1956 and over eight million dollars last year. The city building inspector issued \$2,000,000 of new building permits in 1959.

The growth is coming from Los Angeles and other parts of Ventura County. A recent public school survey found 65 per cent of the parents earn their livelihood outside of Ojai. Little of the growth is from Santa Barbara.

Of course, as in its historic past, some is from the Eastern States. One of these chaps was the genial Chicago politico Frank Keenan. In 1956 he bought and magnificently refurbished the Oaks Hotel in Ojai, largely at the expense of Illinois taxpayers.

After he lost political favor and was sent to the hoosegow, the hotel changed ownership.

A great deal of Ojai's present and future growth is a reflection of the Los Angeles spillout.

The Ventura Freeway, completed this year, is a factor. It is now possible to travel from downtown Los Angeles to the City of Ventura, 15 miles from Ojai, in slightly over an hour without encountering a single stop sign or stop light.

Ojai, along with Ventura County, is becoming a bedroom for the rapid industrialization of the western end of the San Fernando Valley of Los Angeles. Such plants as Rocketdyne, Atom Atomics International, Ramo Wooldridge, and Litton Industries furnish a supply of well paid industrial jobs.

Neither can the swift growth of Ventura County, most especially the City of Ventura and the Oxnard area, be ignored.

Ventura County has recorded the largest manufacturing growth, with the exception of Orange County, of any of the 14 Southern California Counties. Manufacturing employment has been expanding faster than the County's population. From 1953 to 1958 its annual manufacturing payroll skyrocketed from \$9,558,000 to \$41,166,000.

Despite the tendency towards industrialization and urbanization of the County, agriculture still does and probably will continue to play an important economic role in the Ojai as well as the rest of the County. Much of the Ojai is a green carpet of lemon and other fruit trees.

Ventura County ranks fifth of all counties in the U.S. and third in California in the value of fruit and nut production. Sitting next to the second-largest market in the U.S., the Los Angeles metropolitan area has seen even truck vegetable production climb five times in the past four years.

The County's ever-increasing oil production is also a factor.

But still another important cog, especially in the future of the Ojai Valley and its hinterlands, is its recreational potential.

In the canyon area northwest of Ojai is Matilija Lake and Dam, a camping, boating and fishing outlet. The lake and camp area covers approximately 200 acres, with picnic grounds, campsites and trailer accommodations.

The northern and eastern boundaries of the Valley join the 284,744 acres of the Los Padres National Forest. Approximately 70,000 acres are open to deer hunting, and fishing streams stretch over 150 miles.

On the entrance to the Valley over Casitas Pass is the one-year old Casitas Dam. Its 270,000 acre earth reservoir, when filled in about ten years, will make it the biggest dam in Southern California. About one-sixth of it is under water today.

Based on statistics of the Cachuma Dam in Santa Barbara County, it will draw over a half-million people a year.

There is little doubt that change is on the explosive run in this former Chumash Indian nest.



CONDOR on point near a nest. Note the wings are held high after landing. Photo courtesy of the National Audubon Society.

The California Condor--The Last of the Last

● In the vast primitive areas of Santa Barbara and Ventura Counties is the private sanctuary of North America's third rarest bird, the Condor.

Here 60 giants of the air, descendants of a prehistoric Pleistocene Age, with wingspreads up to 10 feet, weighing 30

pounds, soar to heights of 15,000 feet in a never-ending battle for survival.

And as they sit on their big blue and green eggs, measuring up to six inches and weighing almost a pound, they may also be sitting on some of the Nation's biggest oil deposits, much to the chagrin

of the oilman.

This is the bird that once roved most of Western United States less than a century ago. He was shot by gold-rush miners for his quills. These were sold at trading posts for one dollar each. They were used to carry and measure gold dust.

He was murdered by hunters who shot him for sport or by those unfamiliar with their target. At the turn of the century many a California lad dreamed of the day he could shoot a rare Condor.

Collectors sought him out for Eastern museums and even today more than 60 huge eggs are held by private and public sources.

Gradually the Condor retreated farther and farther from man. It is undoubtedly true that the Condor was more prevalent during the prehistoric Indian age than since the coming of the Spaniards.

But he was common on the Columbia River in Washington in 1840; he disappeared from the Sacramento Valley in the 1860's; left San Francisco in the 1880's; the Big Sur and Monterey area in the 1890's; San Diego County in 1910; and the Santa Monica Mountains in 1910. A few vagrants have visited these areas since then.

The Condor, which has been written about as a doomed bird for the past 60 years, might well have been extinct today, had it not been for the energies of Robert Easton, who owned the Sisquoc Ranch.

In the 1930's he closed his ranch in the mountains of the Los Padres National Forest in San Barbara County to hunters.

The original intention was to protect deer and fish. However, one day, a huge Condor swooped close to him. He followed the bird to its cliff nesting grounds and discovered a colony of them. He led a fight for establishing a 1200-acre sanctuary on part of his 35,000-acre ranch.

With the support of the National Audubon Society and the Department of Agriculture, this was accomplished in 1937.

However, a short time afterward a larger breeding grounds of the bird was found in the Los Padres Forest known today as the Sespe Wild Life area. The bird's refuge extended into the Cuyama Valley.

Since most of the area was rugged, desolate, worthless, and U. S. Forestry land, the Department of Agriculture had

little trouble setting aside 45,000 acres as a sanctuary for the bird.

But Richfield Oil in 1948 brought in a 4,000 barrel gusher some 50 miles up the Cuyama Valley. Oilmen quickly shot out in all directions and began treading and

(continued)

filing for rights in the sanctuary.

The Forestry Department turned down their lease requests and a battle royal has been fuming ever since.

The oilmen argue that the Condors didn't pay taxes and that the National Audubon Society's conservation demands were subversive. They said the public is sacrificing both oil and recreational land to a bird of doubtful value.

Since the Forest Service had no real power to prevent issuance of oil and gas prospecting applications and land leases granted by the Department of the Interior, the Sespe Wildlife Preserve was not entirely effective in protecting nesting Condors. The Condors will abandon a nest with the slightest provocation.

One derrick went up less than a half-mile from three known nests.

The Audubon Society argued that the bird would be destroyed unless an undisturbed adequate sanctuary was maintained. They held that since most of the Sespe Wildlife Preserve is closed to the public in summer because of fire hazards, no appreciable loss of recreational area occurred.

They held that the best protection for the future and National Defense was not to develop the oil at this time but to save it in the ground until a time of need.

A temporary solution following a public hearing in Washington was reached in 1951 with the adoption by Oscar L. Chapman, Secretary of the Interior, of Public Land Order 695.

It didn't necessarily satisfy either group. It reduced the sanctuary to 55 square miles. It permitted drilling on all but 16 square miles where a known concentration of nests are. Within the entire preserve no drilling is allowed within one half-mile of a Condor nest that has been active within the past three years. The Sespe Preserve starts about 12 air miles from Ojai. The rugged area is supposed to contain the hidden gold mines of the Padres which are legion throughout California and some not so hidden which have long been abandoned. The 1200-acre Sisquoc sanctuary is still maintained, but does not harbor as many Condors as the Sespe.

Despite the oilmen's allusions to the doubtful value of the Condor, a charge which has been rightly or wrongly leveled at everything from buffaloes to Indians, the Condor has some interesting characteristics.

The Condor is most outstanding in flight. Taking off the ground, he looks like a wobbly wheelbarrow, but once airborne he can soar to heights of 15,000 feet and in the long light hours of summer stays aloft 10 hours. Only two or three hours may be used for foraging. The rest of the time, like a giant glider, he spends soaring around using the air currents with an occasional flap of his giant wing-spread. The Condor usually operates in a radius of 12 miles but generally covers 50 miles of flying a day.

During storms he heads for home in a

hurry. The Condor can fly in rain and fog but prefers not to have his flight inhibited by wet feathers. During winter storms Condors have been observed remaining on their roosts for days at a time. At other times, caught in a storm away from home, they will hurriedly land on the ground. Like a big plane, the Condor needs a sufficient runway to land or take off. On landing he extends his feet like a plane dropping its landing gear.

Before taking off from a tree or a perch, the Condor will extend his wings and maybe for a couple of hours test the air currents.

Due to his inadequacy in ground take-offs, the Condor prefers to roost on cliffs, in high caves over canyons, or in tall trees.

The California Condor, unlike its South American cousin, is not a killer but feeds only on dead flesh. He has no grasping power with his talons.

Old wives' tales of early California about Condors picking up children with their talons are just myths. The Condor feeds chiefly on cattle, squirrels, coyotes and sheep. Blessed with incredible vision, he can spot a dead animal five or six miles away while soaring a mile high.

Condors, in order to feed, cannot be made to stay in their sanctuary. Most feeding areas are private ranches. Improved health of herds through modern ranching methods has cut down the incidence of death of cattle and sheep and may eventually result in a dwindling supply of food for the bird.

The Condor's future regardless of its refuges balances precariously on its birth and mortality rates.

The Condor has a life span of more than 30 years but the average life of the colony is believed to be about 12 years.

The Condors usually mate only once a year. The female at best lays only one egg a year. The Condors pair off as couples for life.

After the egg is laid, in February or March, it takes about six weeks for the chick to hatch. The youngster learns to fly small distances after six months, to soar distances over two miles at a year. The chick reaches sexual maturity at five years of age. By then like its parents it has a bald orange head, feathers of dark brown with white bands.

In a recent three-year study of the Condors jointly conducted by the University of California at Berkeley and the National Audubon Society, it was determined that the present population of the tribe is about 60.

In a stable population mortality must be equaled by reproduction. The scientists estimate that 20 of the pairs are adults. At best the Condor pair today produces three chicks that reach maturity in a lifetime.

From this it is easy to conclude that anything which upsets the natural balance of the population can lead to the extinction of the species.

CONDOR soaring slowly before landing, wings are dihedrally up feet down. Photo courtesy of the National Audubon Society.





OCEANO sand dunes near Santa Maria have occasionally been used by movie companies for filming Sahara Desert scenes. Photo by Brett Weston.

SANTA MARIA ORBIT

Some 75 miles north of Santa Barbara and 30 miles from San Luis Obispo is what was once the center of an enormous bay. A few thousand years ago the ocean receded leaving 250 square miles of what has been described as the richest soil in California and a dominant fresh water supply. In some places the top soil shows a depth of 75 feet.

The ocean's receding was nature's last major gift to this great basin and plain.

It waited only for man to recognize its potential and do something about it.

The heart beat of this area which today largely accounts for Santa Barbara County ranking 28th among the 3,103 counties of the United States in value of farm products sold—and 18th in California, is *Santa Maria*.

The Santa Maria Basin with a total area of about 1,880 square miles is one of the larger coastal drainage basins of the State and accounts mightily in Santa Barbara County's rank of sixth in the value of oil production in California.

Its location only 20 miles from Vandenberg Air Force—Missile Base, largest in the West, has in turn accounted for much of the area's recent population explosions and growth excesses.

Santa Maria, once the distant country cousin of its elegant county sister, Santa Barbara, is now a major economic and population factor in the county. A stop over point on the long 101 Highway between Los Angeles and San Francisco, it is also a kind of midway travellers' hostel.

However, despite these facts, it still has little in common with its ancient sister. Whereas Santa Barbara is a citadel of tradition, Santa Maria founded in 1875 as Central City still bares the implications of its early name. It looks as if a bit of inland Los Angeles without the smog had been transplanted on its broad plains.

Although it now sports a population of 20,000, a Junior College, a goodly share of crew cut scientists, it is still a town that predominantly prefers baseball to music, crop and cow talk to discussions of art, rodeos to polo games.

Yet this urchin whose broad main street was originally built wide enough for farmers' mule teams to turn around in has garnered much of the county's explosive growth and dollars in the past four years.

Part of this expansion and the excesses are a direct result of the government's locating Vandenberg Air Force Base nearby some three years ago.

However, Santa Maria had been growing steadily during the past decade. In 1950 its population was 10,440; in 1957, 13,000; today 20,000.

With the missile boom building activity both in dwellings and motel units soared and a great deal of outside speculative wealth charged in to cash in.

Building permits for dwellings in 1956 in the city were 139; 1,732 in 1958 and 1,321 in 1959. This was but a small part of the picture because in the unincorporated area

subdivisions bloomed and motels to house construction workers and thousands of employed workers at Vandenberg were built.

As a result Santa Maria today has 10 hotels and 29 motels with a total of 1,200 rooms, an important item linked to an 18 hole golf course to convention potentials.

There is today some question whether the town was overbuilt. Motels use to 100 per cent occupancy have gloomy faces when only half are full. Some 1,700 new houses last summer were on the market for sale. At the same time rentals were scarce.

The swift speculative period of construction for Vandenberg's needs are over, but Santa Maria has none of the ingredients for a community to stand still.

Its retail sales last year amounted to nearly 34 million dollars. Vandenberg is going full blast and some 16 manufacturing plants have moved into a town that was almost totally reliant on agriculture and oil production a few years back. The new plants range from food processing to fabricating metal plants to those engaged in electronic gear.

The city has zoned over 354 acres for heavy and light industry. About 60 per cent is vacant land and available in sizes of a lot to 40 acres. Industrial land according to California standards is still cheap and Santa Maria is on a main rail line.

Nature's gifts in the continual explosion of the California pattern will be enhanced here.



LA PURISIMA MISSION is part of a 507-acre State preserve near Lompoc. The Mission, founded in 1787, went to ruin after the Secularization Act. Its restoration, begun in 1935, is a tribute to the depression's Civilian Conservation Corps. When they took over, nothing remained but the walls, the tile flooring and wall bases of the monastery. The CCC boys moulded 110,000 bricks and 35,000 tiles and sawed thousands of feet of redwood timber by hand used in the restoration. Photo by Josef Muench.

Lompoc

Lompoc is a missile boom town today.

Its recent call to glory, population explosion and building growth, unpredictable five years ago, is a direct result of being the nearest community to the Vandenberg Air Force missile launching pad and training grounds and the adjacent Naval Missile Facility at Point Arguello. Vandenberg is eight miles away from Lompoc.

The excesses and miscalculations of gold towns and missile towns of other areas will be tempered some here by the community's agrarian background and history.

For some 80 years since its founding, Lompoc poked along, lived well as the center

and supply depot of a rich agrarian valley, where at least four out of five people were directly engaged in some sort of farming.

It was started in 1876 when portions of the Ranchos Lompoc and Mission Vieja were purchased and subdivided by the California Immigrant Union. Farms and ranches sold for \$40 to \$75 an acre. Its driving force was Colonel Hollister who had founded the town of Hollister in San Benito County.

Its appearance was and still is that of just another rural assemblage of mercantile business of the average midwestern town transplanted to California.

Its only early distinguishing mark lay in

the clauses of its land forbidding the sale and drinking of alcohol. It shared with Pacific Grove in Monterey County the dubious honor of pioneering prohibition in the West.

So strong was the community's teetotalism ego that in the 1880's Lompoc formed a posse of irate citizens to blow up a drug store for selling "sparked tonic." The town's newspaper the next day wrote it off by suggesting that an accommodating earthquake had singled out the building of the violator.

Lompoc's parched throats, however, were relieved along with the rest of the Nation's by the repeal of prohibition in 1933.

Another distinguishing factor in the town's history was an accident of the Miocene period of twenty-million years ago when the region was under the ocean.

Masses of diatoms, unicellular algae, called it home. Their limestone-like fossils piled up to a thickness of 1,400 feet while the sea receded.

It gave Lompoc the world's finest deposits of diatomaceous earth.

These chalk-like cliffs, some 500 feet above sea level, were first exploited in the 1880's by enterprising farmers who shipped the material to San Francisco to be used as heat insulators for blast furnaces.

In 1896 John and Arthur G. Ballam organized a company for mining and refining of diatomite. The property passed through many hands until the Johns Manville Corporation acquired the rights in 1929.

At first, diatom was used as a silver polish and in scouring compounds, later as a component of tooth paste.

German scientists, on the eve of World War I, found it was an excellent absorbent for explosives. In World War II the Lompoc production played an important element in the American Air Force's celebrated bomb sights.

Today diatom has a hundred-fold more uses than Tommy Manville has marriages. The Lompoc plant of 200 employees operates on a 24-hour basis producing diatom for use in paint pigments, electronic resistors, paper manufacture, insecticides, metal and glass polishes, plastics, rubber matches, acetylene torches. An important use in the atomic age is the manufacture of diatom blocks which can resist heat blasts of 2,500 degrees Fahrenheit.

The deposits yet to be quarried will last at least 75 years, according to the plant manager. This should assure that the plant for some time will continue as the Nation's top producer of diatomite.

No mention of Lompoc's past would be complete without the town's famous weather prophet, Gin Chow, who kept the Nation's presses busy in the 1920's and early 1930's.

Gin Chow, at 16 years of age, came to Santa Barbara from China. He worked for local families, saved his money and invested in small farms in Goleta and the Santa Ynez Valley. When the Southern Pacific Railway finally bought out his Goleta holdings at his price, he moved and bought property in Lompoc, six months prior to the 1911 law prohibiting Chinese from purchasing real property in the U. S.

He broke into the national press with his accurate predictions of the Yokohama disaster of 1923 and the Santa Barbara earthquake of 1925. In the 1930's after becoming

a featured speaker at Southern California business club lunches, he produced a *First Annual Almanac* of weather prophecies.

Gin Chow said it was based upon a key to the weather cycles left to the Chinese people centuries ago by a sage. Others said it was the lunar calendar used by Chinese farmers for centuries. It was a good seller and some local farmers swore by it.

Gin Chow was trampled by a bull in 1932. He predicted he would live another year. The next year he was run over and killed by an automobile.

As the years went by the encircling, rolling hills of the Lompoc Valley were blanketed with commercial flower seed production. Today over 5,000 acres are devoted to flowers. They make a dazzling sight in the spring. Other agriculture enterprises dot the land. They range from cattle to dairying, from walnuts to poultry, from mustard to lettuce.

In World War II and during the Korean enterprise, Lompoc got its first taste of big government money from soldiers at nearby Camp Cooke.

It also got a taste of how government spending can stop when Camp Cooke closed down in 1953.

In 1956 its population over a 15 year period had only grown from 3,200 to 5,000 persons. In that year Lompoc's building inspector issued permits for 16 new buildings.

With the government's decision in late 1957 to establish Vandenberg Air Force Base as a missile launching pad and training center, the largest in the West, the explosion came.

Population doubled. In 1958 the City building inspector issued permits for 1,203 new buildings. In 1959, 1,000 more were added.

At nearby Vandenberg Air Force Base and the Naval Missile Facility at Point Arguello, the government during the past two years

has contracted to spend or has spent 167-million dollars. Eighteen-million went for 1,405 Capehart homes on the base.

Civilian and military personnel at the Vandenberg installation is quoted at about 10,000 with some 600 additional at the Naval facility.

At the 64,000-acre Vandenberg base are some 2,000 civilian employees of firms like Convair, Martin and Douglas. They fluctuate in number, but this is an average figure over the past year.

Although initial construction of housing facilities has slackened, the other work continues and with it the economic impact on the community of Lompoc.

How permanent Vandenberg is, nobody knows. All military installations are subject to changing conditions. But all logic at present would suggest it will be around for awhile.

THE LOMPOC VALLEY is the seeding grounds for several of the Nation's major flower-seed producers. Rows of stock are shown here. Photo by Josef Muench.





DANA ADOBE surviving from early California Rancho days still stands like a ghost of another era in ruin and disrepair near Nipomo. It was recently given to the San Luis Obispo Historical Society by a member who purchased it for \$500. Photo by Wynn Bullock.

The Dana Story

William G. Dana, like his cousin Richard Henry Dana of *Two Years Before the Mast* fame, should be a California legend today.

A Boston sea captain, who first made a sizable fortune in Hawaii, he came to Santa Barbara in 1828.

He founded the 28,000 acre Nipomo ranch and combined a talent for raising stock, farming, soap-making, furniture manufacture and trade with a reputation equaled only by a native Californios for vast-scale entertainment and the size of his family.

Today his singular population explosion of 21 children finds over 250 Dana descendants living in the Santa Maria and San Luis Obispo orbits.

Dana, as did many other successful American pioneers, married into a rich Spanish family. He married Dona Josefa, daughter of Don Carlos Carrillo of Santa Barbara.

In 1827 the Mexican government granted him the old Indian Rancheria of Nipomo of 28,000 acres in the Santa Maria Valley.

Here he built the 13-room Nipomo adobe that overlooks the valley and the Los Padres in the distance. It served as an excellent lookout on the unfriendly Tulare

Indians.

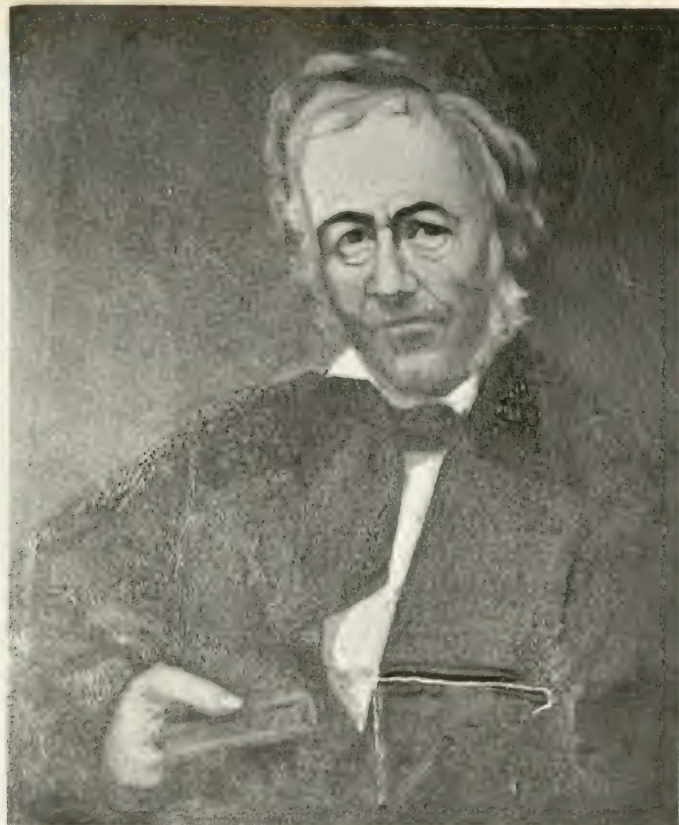
Here Dana also acquired the title of Don Guillermo and set about making his reputation for entertaining.

When a tired General Fremont and his battalion arrived in December 1846, Dana, though not involved in the American invasion, ordered forty head of cattle slaughtered for the barbecue feast the first night. It is said his hospitality was so lavish that not a few of Fremont's followers deserted and never left the ranch.

Later in 1848, when the steamship *Edith* floundered off the coast, Dana took care of the officers and crew for weeks. Some never left the ranch.

A routine Fiesta on the Rancho Nipomo reportedly lasted a couple of weeks, sometimes longer. The entertainment included feasting, dancing, music, wine and whiskey bouts, bullfighting, cockfighting and horse racing.

Dana headed the San Luis Obispo vigilantes and was the first treasurer of San Luis Obispo County. He died in 1858. A decade later the U. S. Government gave a patent to the Dana family, confirming their title to the original Mexican grant. Much of the ranch lands now broken up are still owned by Dana progeny.



PAINTING of William Dana hangs in the County museum of San Luis Obispo. The massive interior of the Dana adobe at Nipomo is shown below. Built in the 1840's, unrepaired and un-lived in for more than a half a century, it is an excellent example of the early California adobe. Gravestone at right is on Dana grave in the San Luis Obispo Catholic grave-yard, where almost every other grave is a Dana. Photos by Wynn Bullock.



The Fabulous Channel Islands

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The Fabulous Channel Islands



ONE OF the jolly St. Nicks of San Nicolas Island.
—Photo by Howard Maxwell.



The Channel Islands are always within eyeshot of Santa Barbara. Photo by Brett Weston.

The Ghosts of San Miguel



*Everything in the house was like the kitchen door
the wind blew half-way open, waiting
for wind to blow it shut again.
Everything in the house was like that:
half-open or shut; falling asleep
or sleeping; everything in the garden
either dying or dead. But when the wind sprang up,
that hollow shell was full of sound
as a conch is of the sea;
the rotting curtains and the dusty webs
swaying in the same wave
as the dead flowers in the garden.*

*I came upon it first on such a day
and stopped to look in through a broken window,
and the wind rushed in behind me,
scouring it like a bell,
and poured out through the other side
flattening the wild oats in the opposite field
with its broad and whistling scythe.*

*And I went on, not caring for that sound,
though I love the wind as well as any man
close-lived to wood and fields,
and often lie awake at night
simply to listen when it walks the roof,
or lets me know it's in the chimney,
or stroking the backs of the nearby sleeping birds.*

*But that wind had a different sound.
I cannot tell you how it filled the house
unless you've wondered how Niobe mourned.
It made me think of those who lived there once,
who must have chosen such a cloud-loved hill
for what to them was seeming permanence.
And what ill circumstance had tripped them up,
and set against the walls those smouldering fires
that eat a house to death with shameless wounds.*

BY ERIC BARKER



THE HOUSE OF THE KING OF SAN MIGUEL is as he left it. The house is a monument to silence with cereal plates still set for breakfast, a rusty 1932 Ford still leashed to the barn.

—Photos by Howard Maxwell.



The Ghosts of San Miguel

The Island of San Miguel is like a deserted house.

It reeks of desolation, memories and mysteries unsung.

Here California's discoverer, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, met his death in 1543. Civilizations of Indians are buried. Ghosts of ship-wrecked sailors haunt its jagged reefs. The spirits of two modern Robinson Crusoes roam its wind-swept hill.

One, a Captain John Waters, defied President Grover Cleveland and the U. S. Government. He claimed the Island as his own.

A more recent King of San Miguel, silver-haired Herbert Lester, a Union Leaguer and Harvard man, secluded his family there for 14 years. Then as bombs dropped on Pearl Harbor he put a bullet through his head.

Today this idyl of loneliness is only interrupted by the howling gales and fog, the occasional bombings of the U. S. Military.

San Miguel is the most westward of the Channel Islands that lie within eyeshot of the Santa Barbara Coast. It is some 30 miles directly south of Point Concepcion. It is a rough triangle of nine miles long and four and one-half miles wide.

Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, the Portuguese seaman, the first European explorer to reach California, put ashore there in October 1542. His ships' log record its discovery and that he broke his arm while exploring it. He sailed to Monterey Bay and returned to San Miguel to die of blood poisoning.

His grave has never been found, but a monument to him was erected in 1937 on Dead Man's Point overlooking Cuyler Harbor.

In the centuries following its discovery San Miguel's fog-enshrouded coastline vied with the mainland's Point Concepcion as the graveyard of the Pacific.

Off Point Bennett, divers claim, are fortunes carried by Spanish galleons and gold-rush fourmasters. None, however, care to risk its treacherous swirling currents, sand-lava-encrusted reefs for a looksee.

San Miguel's Indian civilizations will be taken up elsewhere in the Channel Island saga. Leaving its more recent history traceable through two adventurers.

Captain John Waters settled the Island in the 1890's. He claimed it as his own sovereignty on the grounds that the Island had not been legally filed on by the U. S. Government.

The Mexican Government has made similar rumbles about most of the Channel Islands chain throughout the years. The Channel Islands were not mentioned in the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of 1848, which gave California to the United States.

Waters was an enterprising one. He imported sheep on the Island and from the wrecks off Point Bennett built the Island's large U-shaped ranch house.

The house is located some five miles from Cuyler's crescent-shaped harbor, a journey over sand-swept hills and grass-covered canyons.

After Waters' death shortly after the turn of the century the Island was abandoned until a well-heeled New Yorker sought escape from the twentieth century and brought his bride there to live in 1928.

The new King of San Miguel leased the Island. He and his bride, Elizabeth, fixed up the house, built a small harbor at Cuylers Bay, read books, and tended thousands of sheep.

After their two daughters were born, they built a tiny schoolhouse and worked out a curriculum with the Santa Barbara County School Superintendent. Both well-educated, they were the teachers.

Except for a few weeks each year when sheep shearers came to the Island or a rare visit by friends the modern Swiss Family Robinsons were alone.

The toll of bells for the last King of San Miguel Island is shatteringly present. The windmill's flag is closed, but it whistles in the wind. The harbor he built is a twisted wreck of steel; in the barn the halter and names of once loved horses are live gravestones; a child's unclaimed toy lies deserted in the Island's tiny school; the kitchen awaits another meal. Photos opposite page by Howard Maxwell.

Friends described them as extremely happy and content in their unique Eden.

The daughters who were 9 and 11 at their father's death in 1941 were said to be educated far ahead of their mainland contemporaries.

Why the King of San Miguel killed himself is still clothed in mystery. At the time the U. S. Navy had plans to fortify the Island and kick its occupants out. Possibly he could not stand the thought of leaving.

With his death the family left the ranch for the jungle of nature to choke it. Its rooms are still filled with decaying books, rusted beds, chairs, stoves and a table set for the King's last meal. The Island has been abandoned ever since.

Ironically the Island was not used by the United States during World War II. It was used as a bombing range during the Korean War and on occasion these days.

Government authorities claim that wind and waves are gradually wearing San Miguel away. More and more sand dunes are covering it. One of these days it will disappear into the sea.





Santa Cruz Island-Shangri-La USA



MOONLIGHT SCENIC depicts the volcanic rock that guards many of Santa Cruz Island's sheltered coves. Resurging tides have gouged numerous caves and cliffs. One, Painted Cave, is compared to the Grotto of Capri. Its outer cavern is 60 to 70 feet high; the inner cavern is even larger. Bootleggers at low tide used it in prohibition days as an exchange point.

WILD BOAR were imported to the Island by the Spanish. The head here hangs in the mess hall of the Stanton Ranch which consumes nearly 60,000 acres of this Island paradise.



THE CAIRE CHAPEL on Santa Cruz Island is tiny but complete with stained glass windows, bell-tower, altar and wrought iron railings. It is opened once a year.

In dramatic contrast to San Miguel's death gasps, Santa Cruz Island beckons like a private paradise.

With the Islands of Santa Rosa and Santa Catalina here lies a French Mediterranean Riviera of the Pacific Coast without the hoopla and the casinos.

Santa Cruz is 25 miles long, three miles to nine miles wide of the best of California transplanted in a secluded Shangri-la.

It is a fantastic assortment of rich dark soil, rolling meadows laced by oaks, pines and almond trees, tall grasses, vineyards, fat cows, swift-rising mountain ranges, babbling brooks, three rivers, temperate year-round climate, hundreds of waterfalls spilling into the ocean over rugged jetting cliffs and gently sloping hills.

Even the endless parade of seals that guard its secluded grottos chortle happily in the noon-day sun.

But like all paradises humans have not always been satisfied with the best that nature can offer of time and space

Take Prisoners Harbor, one of the main landing bays on the Island. Its name is legendary.

After the Spaniards had kicked most of the Indians off the Island, they decided it would make a fine penal colony.

Ten years before America fought for its independence with England they were unloading the worst criminals of the new world on this "Holy Cross".

The prisoners tired of their new Eden and picked up a couple of left-over canoes of the Caninoles Indians and made a try for the mainland. The story goes that a Southerner struck the boat. It was overturned and the sea and sharks buried them at Prisoners Harbor.

The ruthless sea otter hunters treaded its shore and later the best of international smugglers and bootleggers,

(continued)

THE STANTON RANCH is in the heart of the Island, a fantastic lush seven mile valley. Photos by Howard Maxwell.





WILD FOXES are native to the Island. BEAUTIFUL ALMOND TREE below is one of many orchards and vineyards planted by Caire and his colony of 100 strong. Photos by Howard Maxwell.



Santa Cruz Island-Shaunggi-La U.S.

THE CAIRE HOUSE sits as a vacant monument to the feudal barony of Justinian Caire who owned and developed Santa Cruz Island for three-quarters of a century.

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but along the way came a Frenchman who tried there to build a lasting significance.

Shortly after Maximilian of France was trying to reestablish the French claim to the New World with a new seat of government in Mexico City, a Frenchman, Justinian Caire, took note of the Island.

At a time when the U. S. was busy fighting the futile

Civil War and reconstruction, he decided to build a feudal empire on Santa Cruz. In a sense he succeeded for nearly a century.

Between 1865 and 1869 he established his own sovereignty to the Island. A hundred immigrants from France and Italy were brought over.

(continued)





STANTON RANCH Santa Cruz Island. Photo by Howard Maxwell.

Vineyards were planted. A foundry turned out bricks for a palatial estate in a valley three miles south of the harbor of death, huge wine vats were built, blacksmith and wagon shops and even a bakery and a laundry. A fire, incidentally, destroyed most of the winery in the late 1940's.

In 1891 a tiny Chapel with stained glass windows and all the statues and paraphernalia necessary to Catholicism of the day was built.

It is still there as the unoccupied French Chalet, a kind of part of New Orleans transplanted in the wilderness.

Two generations later, the heirs, faced with the lacings of the almost now forgotten depression of the 1930's and the zest of empire dimming were forced to sell. A State and Nation beleaguered with falling income and the always-present present ignored the future and refused to buy the Island for a State or National park for the paltry sum of \$750,000 less than what a class "A" hotel can be built for these days.

Instead, at the time, 1936, the State spent more time thinking about making this paradise a penal colony to rival Alcatraz Prison than a public park. Local objections fortunately erupted the penal plan, but finally most of

the Island became a private preserve.

Purportedly, Edwin L. Stanton of Laguna Beach purchased the 62,500 acres from the estate for \$1,000,000.

With it the Island which could well have been one of the greatest of public parks in America hung out, mostly from necessity, the sign, no trespassing.

The heirs of the Caire, Pier Gherini, a Santa Barbara lawyer and Francis Gherini of Oxnard, hung on to 8,000 acres of the east side of the Island. Stanton has operated one of the biggest cattle ranches of the State on the Island. The cattle are transported to shipment and slaughter on the mainland by barges.

Most of the buildings erected by Caire are now used as bunkhouses and ranch buildings.

Excepted still and idle are the French manor house and the Chapel. The church is opened only once a year on Christmas Day to check that everything is in order.

In fairness to the Island proprietors, it should be mentioned that intruders landing there have often scored the area with thoughtless vandalism and fire.

Possible military installations on Santa Cruz and other Channel Islands are being excluded by the writer in the interests of U. S. Intelligence.



San Nicolas Island is home for the rare sea elephant. A baby of this unusual mammal is above. Below waves splash on lava rock formations of Lands End, death trap for ships and home for the abalone. Photos by Howard Maxwell.

Outermost outpost to the Channel Islands and to a life that once was is San Nicolas Island.

Some 45 miles distant from Santa Barbara, San Nicolas is a nightmare of the past and future. From the Island in the 1850's in protest, the white man took (rescued) to her death the last of the Channel Island Indians. Thirty-thousand years of five distinct civilizations looked down.

Just a century later the otter hunters that slaughtered so many for so little are dead. Even the sheep-herders who planted salt grass and their countless herds for 80 odd years are gone.

Today the defense watchdogs and their labyrinths of scientifica share the Island with thousands of ravens, worshipped by the Indians, and a host of other wildlife. Among them are 300 rare bulbous-nosed sea elephants who with thousands of sea lions line five miles of the Island coast. The Island is nine miles long and about three miles wide.

The Island's history seems mostly obscured by the struggles of one Indian woman. In this tragedy lies a lot of life and philosophy.

In 1836 the otter hunters were raping the Islands and the coastland. So frantic was the demand for the otter that as many as 50,000 were killed in a five-year span.

Naturally anyone who objected to this slaughter was in the way. The story goes that the Mission fathers thought it best to remove the last of the Indians from the Islands; nothing was said about protecting the Indians and the Islands from the hunter.

A vessel was dispatched, led by an otter hunter, to remove the Indians. As the Indians were piled into the boat it was discovered that a baby had not been brought aboard. The mother leaped overboard and swam ashore.

San Nicolas -- Isle of the Lost Woman



4
Captain Hubbard, the rescue schooner's leader begged another commitment to transport a group of otter hunters, including George Nidever, to San Francisco. The ship went on without the woman. Captain Hubbard sank aboard his schooner in San Francisco Bay a month later.

Nidever came back to look for more otter. Years later he put ashore again on San Nicolas. His men told him of seeing the Island ghost — a woman with dogs had fled from them. Three years later another visit to the Island produced the finding of a basket containing a robe sewed with bird feathers.

Nidever was so shaken he gave up otter hunting in search for the lost woman.

Finally she was captured 18 years after she jumped overboard. She was tracked to a cave. In sign language she told them she had returned to find her child dead. Dressed in a bird-feathers robe with a pet raven perched on each shoulder, she was in excellent health. Even today you can pick up abalone by the ton on the rocky cliffs. Water is abundant in canyon springs.

Nidever insisted she be brought to Santa Barbara where his wife would care for her. The curious came from miles to view the last of the Island Indians. It is recorded that she was extremely attractive. But nobody could speak her language. The Santa Barbara Mission Fathers went as far as San Gabriel Mission where

her companions had been taken two decades earlier. They had disappeared.

The Mission fathers baptized her Juana Maria. Within three months her new diet killed her. The priests sent her bird-feathered robe to the Pope in Rome. It is now in the Vatican Museum — an incongruous end to an ancient people.

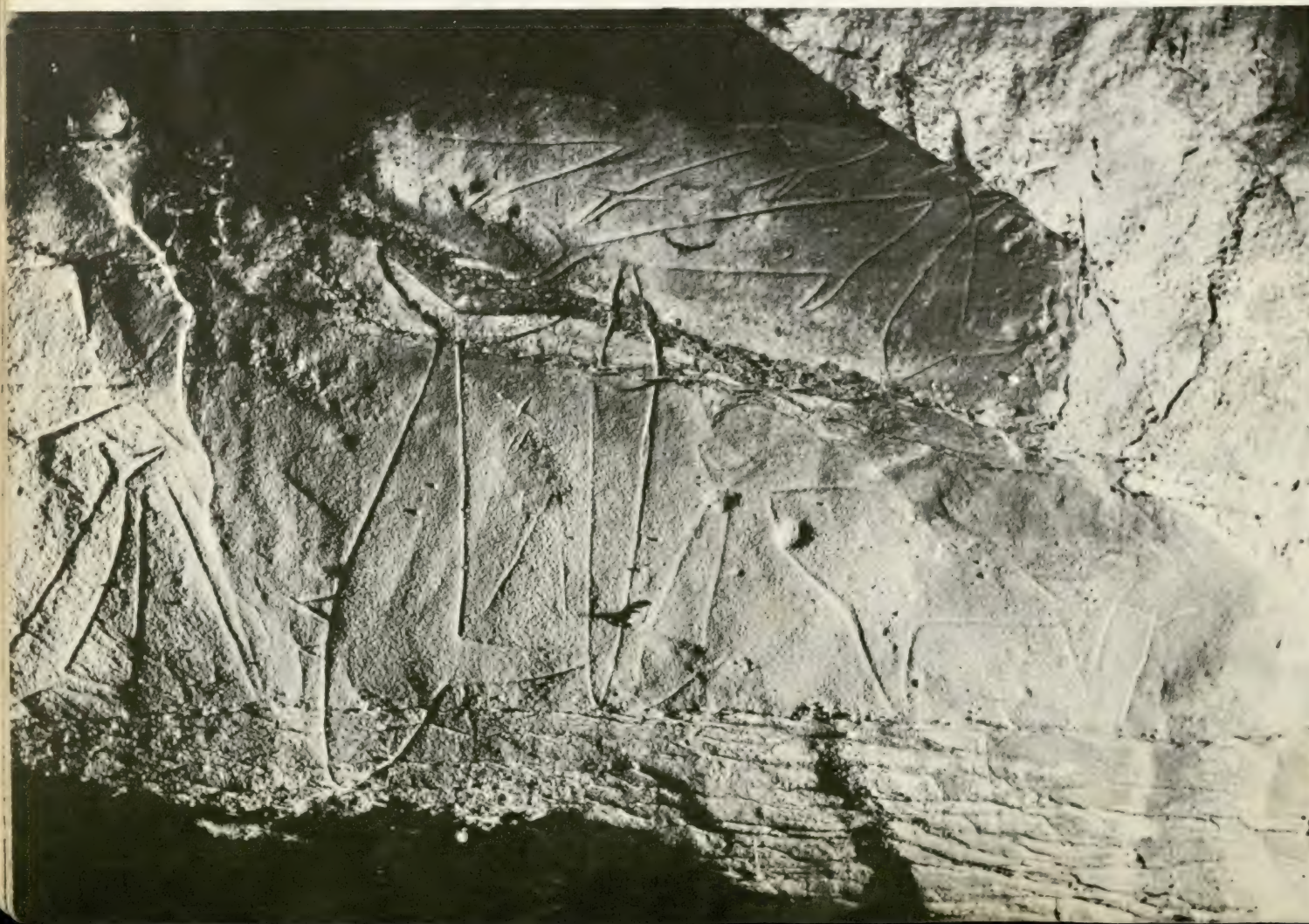
After the demise of the otter, the Island for nearly a century was a sheep ranch. It was taken over by the military in 1941.

The Island which has about 5000 sea lions lining its coast, has among them one of the few herds of sea elephants in the world. Some 300 have been counted on the Island.

The rare mammal gets its name from its trunk-like snout. The cows are about ten feet long and weigh more than a ton. The herd on San Nicolas is broken up into a series of colonies, each ruled by a king bull who is from 12 to 18 feet long and may weigh as much as 2½ tons. If an outside bull attempts to move in on his colony he will fight to the death if necessary to protect his harem and offspring.

A fight between two bulls is not unlike watching a couple of army tanks smashing at each other. The sea elephant is protected today by law from the hunter's gun and captivity.

The Oceanside cave is believed to be the home of the Indian phantom woman that existed alone on the Island for 18 years. Scrawlings of waves and sharks were done by Indian artists centuries ago. Photo by Howard Maxwell.





The CHANNEL ISLANDS' coast is a haven for fish and seals. Photo shows multitude of seals cavorting off Santa Rosa Island. Photo by Howard Maxwell.

Santa Rosa Island -- Haven for Cattle and Archaeologists

Santa Rosa Island, privately owned and second largest of the Channel chain, today is one of California's largest cattle ranches and a storehouse of western world archaeology.

Less than a decade ago, Phil C. Orr of the Santa Barbara Museum sparked the scientific world with the discovery of cooked dwarf mammoth bones on the Island. Subjected to radio-active carbon tests at Columbia University, their age was placed at 29,650 years.

Orr believed from his findings that man was alive when the bones were barbecued. He based his conclusion on the tests, the placement of the bones and the burned brick soil from the pit.

Until his finding it was believed man came to the North American continent only 10,000 years ago.

Geologists estimate about the time of the Wisconsin Ice Age, some 45,000 years ago, the Islands were part of the mainland. Then the sea level was low and the Islands were part of a mountain range.

The Santa Barbara Museum with its exclusive right to dig on Santa Rosa has uncovered 170 prehistoric Indian village sites. Its workers have dug up several hundred skeletons and effects from ten cemeteries. Through the work they have traced five distinct cultures or civilizations.

One of the most significant is the second culture. The Indians named Dune Dwellers last lived about 7000 years ago and travel back in time another 7000 years. These facts were determined by carbon tests of skeletons and other items found in their graves.

A prolonged drought is believed to have dried up vegetation on the Island during the time of the Dune Dwellers.

These virile Indians had a massive bone structure with worn-down teeth.

They were deep sea divers but not fishermen. A red variety of abalone shells found in fairly deep water was found in their graves. However, they did not have fishing implements. The Indians were buried in a sitting position. They had well-formed flint knives and spears but no bows and arrows. They made stone bowls; did some basket work.

What catastrophe befell the race, the scientists have

not been able to figure out.

They were followed by another civilization called Highlanders. The rains returned in volume. The Island grew trees again. The Highlanders sought out the high areas. These Indians lived in partly underground huts and caves of ten feet in diameter. They lasted a couple thousand years; then they too disappeared.

The latest Indian civilization is the Canolinos; their burial grounds date back to about 500 years before Christ. They had fine canoes, fish hooks usually found in northern Chile or South Seas. They were also bead makers. Unlike their mainland relatives they grew no crops. Cabrillo on discovering them estimated their strength at about 20,000. By 1850, ravaged by new diseases, the sword and gunfire of a new civilization, they too perished.

Santa Rosa Island today covers 17 miles in length and 10 miles in width and is about 30 miles from Santa Barbara. In many ways it resembles Santa Cruz Island, but is not quite as luxuriant. Its land is mostly rich green rolling hills with some stands of pine trees native to the Island and portions of the San Diego coast farther south.

Santa Rosa's modern history stems from a Spanish grant given to Don Carlos and Don Jose Carrillo, early relatives of the movie actor Leo Carrillo.

Don Carlos had two daughters. Over a century ago one married a United States Consul to the Hawaiian Islands and the other a sea captain. Their dowry included the Island. They raised sheep there. Later in the 1880's A. P. and W. H. More purchased the Island. They built its New England ranch style house and barns.

In 1902 the firm of Vail & Vickers bought the Island and turned it into a cattle ranch. The families still own it. Their extensive interests extend also throughout Santa Barbara County.

Incidentally, there are several other Islands along the California coast. The ones taken up here are the Channel group lying off the Santa Barbara coast. The other Islands include Santa Catalina which lies off Los Angeles, Santa Barbara Island and San Clemente Island which are still farther south. In the north near San Francisco are the Farallon Islands.



Anacapa's Arch Rock and Island that made Whistler famous.

Anacapa Island -- California Sentinel



Anacapa Island is the Gibraltar of the Southern California Coast.

It is also an unintended but interesting experiment in human isolation and jangled nerves for the Guardsmen and their families who live there.

Anacapa's main Island, connected to two other smaller tables of rock, is nothing more than a big, balding flat-top head with a fringe of weeds and flowers sprouting from its crevices and occasional top soil. This harsh, ugly extremity is thrust upwards from the sea to a height of 937 feet at its ceiling. Its face is mainly sheer perpendicular cliffs.

This main rock with its unusual arch is the guardian of the Santa Barbara coast. It houses a unique Coast Guard facility — a huge 600,000-power candle that beams reassuringly to seamen with orchestrations from a foghorn that belches every 27 seconds in a storm. Its light can be seen for 24 miles. Its voice heard for at least five miles.

This is home for eight Coast Guardsmen, their wives and small children that live in its incredible, Spanish style, white stucco, tile-roofed residences, built there nearly three decades ago.

ENTRY on Anacapa Island is made by hoists. First landing is 50 feet above the sea; top landing 250 feet. Photo by Howard Maxwell.

Anacapa, which has saved many a vessel from floundering, can be credited with saving one of America's noted artists from wasting his time in an unproductive career.

In 1854 James Whistler was a member of a U.S. Coast Geodetic team that surveyed the Island.

Whistler in sketching the Island on the coastal map could not resist painting in a few sea gulls lurking over its picturesque arch rock. He was summarily fired; went on to paint and immortalize his mother.

The Geodetic team recommended against placing a lighthouse on "this mass of inaccessible volcanic rock".

However, in 1912, an unattended light was erected. Later in the 1930's a Coast Guard facility built. In the late 1940's a wise government decided to let the Guardsmen bring their families to the base.

Boarding the Island, which lies nearly 13 miles southwest of Ventura, is done by an unique elevator.

A power hoist has been embedded upwards from the sea in a perpendicular cliff that pokes its head into the sky another 200 feet upwards.

Supplies and boats weighing 10,000 pounds can be hauled from the sea to the 50 foot landing cradle. That is when the sea is calm. Another hoist on top can lift supplies from the landing. Crew and passengers make the remainder of the trip to the top by tight-walking a steep iron staircase from the landing.

Water on the Island comes from two sources. A concrete rain basin catches some. Most has to be brought in by ship.

Anacapa functions as a communications center, a directional radio outlet, a lifeboat facility. All operate on a 24-hour basis.

Guardsmen's wives first began to live there in 1948. It was the first time women had tread ashore since Indian days.

Coast Guard authorities have found it a successful experiment. Both men and women are carefully screened for this hermitage isle. Two years is the normal duty stay. Married couples have every third weekend off the Island. Single men serve a five week stretch and have a sixth at liberty on the mainland.

Anacapa, in addition to being a lighthouse, has been a National Monument since 1938.

The development of the Island as a National park is part of the Mission 66 program of the National Park Service.

Several sheltered cabins, outhouses and mooring facilities are now being built on the more accessible portions of the Anacapa chain. Completion is scheduled late this year.

Anacapa's public visitations are not conceived as a general tourist spot, but as a special exhibit for students and scientists and other more especially interested in Island ecology.

LIGHTHOUSE tower, 85 feet high, beams the light of 600,000 candles 24 miles. Photo by Howard Maxwell.





COAST GUARD men and wives live in Spanish tiled houses, built in the 1930's. Materials had to be hauled to the Island and hoisted aboard by Island's unique elevator.

KILLER and other whales pass by Anacapa Island on their migrations each year to and from their Mexico-Alaska journey. Photos by Howard Maxwell.





CUESTA GRADE near San Luis Obispo. Photo by Wynn Bullock.

San Luis Obispo County • A Sleeping Giant Awakes

San Luis Obispo County is one of those last great California giants of elbow room and undisturbed beauty left in the State.

Its one million and a half acres are a series of misty camps and towns of mountains, valleys and seashore pitched tumultuously, waiting for the pickpockets of the mid-twentieth century to vulgarize.

Within its wide borders is the twain of southern and northern California.

It stretches from the rich Arroyo Grande Valley in the south to the rugged cliffs of the Santa Lucia mountains well on their way to Big Sur Country.

On its other flank, it joins Santa Barbara County in the high plateaus of the rich oil land of the Cuyama Valley and travels northward to the Monterey County line south of San Miguel in the lush valley of the Salinas. Between its borders and the coast lies some of the most fantastic scenery in the West.

Headquarters for this frontier is San Luis Obispo, nestled at the foot of the Santa Lucia range and near the sea.

That San Luis Obispo did not become the third most important city in California as

its pioneers once dreamed, was caused by a number of factors, some of which continue to thwart its destiny today.

In early California its inaccessibility was a major item in delayed development. The coastal railroad linking San Francisco and Los Angeles was not completed until the turn of the century.

The County today boasts some of the largest ranches in the State, many of them dating from the original Spanish and Mexican grants.

An example is the beach town of Avila, five miles from San Luis Obispo city. Although it has one of the finest swimmable beaches on the coast, it remains largely unknown and undeveloped because an 80,000-acre ranch imprisons it.

In the north the Hearst Ranch gobbles up another 125,000 acres in San Luis Obispo County. Atop the Cuesta Grade the Santa Margarita ranch stretches over 20,000 acres. There are many more.

Another contributing factor to the area's slow development has been the wealth of its soil and its easy productivity, illustrated by its history.

Long before the white man came, Indians farmed its lands. When San Luis Obispo de Tobosos was founded in 1772, the Mission's fathers had a difficult time getting converts, because of the Indian prosperity.

Eventually the Mission prospered so much so that when the priest, Luis Martinez, took off for Spain after the secularization of the Mission, he had \$100,000 of gold with him.

San Luis Obispo's prosperous Dons had little interest when General Fremont came to free them from the Mexican Government.

In fact, Fremont's battalion of 300, afraid of the area's resistance, came down the Cuesta Pass above San Luis Obispo during the night. Fearing an ambush, despite a deluge of rain, Fremont ordered an immediate attack.

The next morning a procession of women proceeded to Fremont's quarters to plead for the life of Don Jose de Jesus Pico, owner of the Rancho Piedra Blanca (the Hearst Ranch), who had been arrested by the Americans.

The day before, Pico had been condemned to death by Fremont.

Continued on page 60

**RANCHOS AND PRIVATE
LAND GRANTS OF THE
MEXICAN PERIOD IN
SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTY
FOR WHICH UNITED STATES
PATENTS WERE ISSUED**

ARROYO GRANDE (Also known as
SAN RAMON):

Granted April 25, 1842 by Governor
Alvarado to Zefarino Carlon
Patented April 10, 1867 to Francisco
Branch
Area 4437.29 acres

ASUNCION:

Granted June 19, 1845 by Governor
Pio Pico to Pedro Estrada
Patented March 22, 1866 to
Pedro Estrada
Area 39,224.81 acres

ATASCADERO:

Granted May 6, 1842 by Governor
Alvarado to Trifon Garcia
Patented June 18, 1860 to Henry Haight
Area 4348.23 acres

BOLSA DE CHAMISAL:

Granted May 11, 1837 by Governor
Alvarado to Francisco Quijada
Patented August 27, 1867 to
Lewis T. Burton
Area 14,335.22 acres

**CANADA DE LOS OSOS Y PECHO
Y ISLAY**:

Granted December 1, 1842, as to Canada
de los Osos, by Governor Alvarado to
Victor Linares. April 27, 1843; as
to Pecho y Islay, by Governor
Micheltorena to Francisco Padillo;
September 24, 1845, as to all, by
Governor Pio Pico to Diego Scott and
Juan Wilson
Patented September 23, 1869 to Juan
Wilson
Area 32,430.76 acres

CHOLAME, partly in Monterey County:

Granted February 7, 1844 by Governor
Micheltorena to Mauricio Gonzales
Patented April 1, 1865 to Ellen E. White
Area 26,621.82 acres

CHORRO, EL (or **CANADA DEL CHORRO**):

Granted October 10, 1845 by Governor
Pio Pico to Don Diego Scott and Don
Juan Wilson
Patented March 29, 1861 to John Wilson
Area 3166.99 acres

CORRAL DE PIEDRA:

Granted May 14, 1841 by Governor
Alvarado to Jose Maria Villavicencia,
as to 2 square leagues; extended 5
more square leagues by grant of
May 28, 1846 from Governor Pio Pico
Patented October 29, 1867 to Jose Maria
Villavicencia
Area 30,911.26 acres

CUYAMA No. 1, partly in Santa Barbara
County:

Granted April 24, 1843 by Governor
Micheltorena to Jose Maria Rojo
Patented July 20, 1877 to Maria Antonio
de la Guerra y Lataillade
Area 22,193.21 acres

CUYAMA No. 2, partly in Santa Barbara
County:

Granted June 9, 1846 by Governor Pio
Pico to Don Cesario Lataillade
Patented January 10, 1879 to Maria
Antonio de la Guerra y Lataillade,
widow, and Maria Antonio Lataillade
and Cesario E. Lataillade, children
and heirs of Cesario Lataillade
Area 48,827.50 acres

GUADALUPE, partly in Santa Barbara
County:

Granted March 21, 1840 by Governor
Alvarado to Diego Olivera and
Teodoro Arellanes
Patented March 1, 1870 to Diego Olivera
and Teodoro Arellanes
Area 43,681.85 acres

HUASNA:

Granted December 8, 1843 by Governor
Micheltorena to Isaac J. Sparks
Patented January 23, 1879 to Isaac J.
Sparks
Area 22,152.99 acres

HUERHUERO:

Granted May 9, 1842 by Governor
Alvarado to Mariano Bonilla, as to 1
square league; a further 3 square
leagues granted March 28, 1846 by
Governor Pio Pico
Patented August 9, 1866 to Francisco
Branch
Area 15,684.95 acres

**HUERTA DE ROMUALDO
(or EL CHORRO)**:

Granted in the year 1842 by Don
Mariano Bonilla, alcalde of the Mission
of San Luis Obispo, on order of
Governor Alvarado, to Romualdo, an
Indian
Patented April 13, 1871 to John Wilson
Area 117.13 acres

LAGUNA, LA (Church property):

Granted in the year 1844 by Governor
Micheltorena to the Church and recog-
nized as the property of the Church
by the laws of Mexico in force at the
time of the cession of California to the
United States
Patented February 4, 1859 to Joseph S.
Alemany, Bishop of Monterey
Area 4157.02 acres

MISSION SAN LUIS OBISPO

(Church property):

Founded September 1, 1772 by Father
Junipero Serra; granted (three lots,
buildings, orchard, vineyard and two
gardens) to the Rector of the Church
of the Mission by Governor Michel-
torena on July 16, 1844
Patented September 2, 1859 to Joseph S.
Alemany, Bishop of Monterey
Area 52.72 acres

MISSION SAN MIGUEL

(Church property):

Founded July 25, 1797 by Father Fermin
Francisco de Lasuen
Patented September 2, 1859 to Joseph S.
Alemany, Bishop of Monterey
Area 33.97 acres

MORO Y CAYUCOS:

Granted April 27, 1842 by Governor
Alvarado to Martin Olivera, as to
Moro, and to Vicente Feliz, as to
Cayucos
Patented January 19, 1878 to James
McKinley
Area 8,845.49 acres

NIPOMO, partly in Santa Barbara County:

Granted April 6, 1837 by Governor
Alvarado to William G. Dana
Patented December 14, 1868 to William
G. Dana
Area 37,887.91 acres

(Nipomo has its origin in an Indian
rancheria of that name. Erroneously,
as in the patent, the name appears as
Nipoma. The original spelling of
"Nipomo" is now common usage for
both rancho and town.)

PASO DE ROBLES:

Granted May 12, 1844 by Governor
Micheltorena to Pedro Narvaez
Patented July 20, 1866 to Petronillo Rios
Area 25,993.18 acres

PIEDRA BLANCA (nucleus of the Hearst
San Simeon ranch):

Granted January 18, 1840 by Governor
Alvarado to Jose de Jesus Pico
Patented October 9, 1876 to Jose de
Jesus Pico
Area 48,805.59 acres

PISMO:

Granted November 18, 1840 by Governor
Pro Tem Manuel Jimeno (Casarin) to
Jose Ortega
Patented November 16, 1866 to Isaac J.
Sparks
Area 8,838.89 acres

POTRERO DE SAN LUIS OBISPO:

Granted November 8, 1842 by Governor
Alvarado to Maria Concepcion
Boronda
Patented July 1, 1870 to Maria Concep-
cion Boronda
Area 3506.33 acres

PUNTA DE LA LAGUNA, partly in
Santa Barbara County:

Granted December 26, 1844 by Governor
Micheltorena to Luis Arellanes and
Emelio Miguel Ortega
Patented July 21, 1873 to Luis Arellanes
and Emelio Miguel Ortega
Area 26,648.42 acres

RANCHITA DE SANTA FE (Linares Grant):

Granted September 18, 1842 to Victor
Linares by Governor Alvarado
Patented August 9, 1866 to Micaela
Linares, widow of Victor Linares, and
Pio Linares, Fernando Linares, Agustin
Linares, Pedro Linares, and La Chata
Linares, children of Victor Linares
Area 165.76 acres

SAN BERNARDO (Cane):

Granted February 11, 1840 by Governor
Alvarado to Vicente Cane
Patented April 1, 1865 to Vicente Cane
Area 4379.42 acres
(The name "Cane" is usually now
written Canet)

SAN GERONIMO (Villavicencia):

Granted July 24, 1842 by Governor
Alvarado to Rafael Villavicencia
Patented July 10, 1876 to Rafael Villavi-
cencia
Area 8893.35 acres

(continued)



San Luis Obispo is horse and cattle country.

RANCHOS AND PRIVATE LAND GRANTS *(continued)*

SAN LUISITO:

Granted August 3, 1841 by Governor Alvarado to Guadalupe Cantua
Patented May 18, 1860 to Guadalupe Cantua
Area 4389.56 acres

Avila Bay. Photo by Wynn Bullock.

SAN MIGUELITO (Avila):

Granted April 8, 1839 and May 10, 1842 by Governor Alvarado, as to 2 leagues, and March 17, 1846, by Governor Pio Pico, as to an additional league, to Miguel Avila
Patented February 23, 1877 to Miguel Avila
Area 14,198.20 acres

SAN SIMEON (part of the Hearst San Simeon ranch):

Granted October 1, 1842 by Governor Alvarado to Jose Ramon Estrada
Patented April 1, 1865 to Jose Miguel Gomez
Area 4468.81 acres

SANTA MANUELA:

Granted April 6, 1837 and August 22, 1842 by Governor Alvarado to Francisco Branch
Patented August 22, 1868 to Francisco Branch
Area 16,954.83 acres

SANTA MARGARITA:

Granted September 27, 1841 by Governor Pro Tem Manuel Jimeno (Casarin) to Joaquin Estrada
Patented April 9, 1861 to Joaquin Estrada
Area 17,734.94 acres

SANTA ROSA (Estrada) (part within the Hearst San Simeon ranch):

Granted January 18, 1841 by Governor Alvarado to Julian Estrada
Patented March 18, 1865 to Julian Estrada
Area 13,183.62 acres

SANTA YSABEL (Arce):

Granted May 12, 1844 by Governor Micheltorena to Francisco Arce
Patented May 21, 1866 to Francisco Arce
Area 17,774.12 acres

SUEY, partly in Santa Barbara County:

Granted April 6, 1837 by Governor Alvarado to Ramona Carrillo
Patented August 10, 1865 to Ramona Carrillo de Wilson
Area 48,834.87 acres





San Luis Obispo County

Pico had been a leader of the resistance movement but had been paroled. A letter found on an Indian, indicating further resistance, caused his second arrest. The Indian was executed.

The ladies' procession was led by the attractive Dona Ramona Carrillo de Wilson, whose husband, John Wilson, owned the Rancho Suey. The girls won out, Fremont melted and Pico was freed.

San Luis Obispo became a city in the new State in 1856.

Its political nonchalance was demonstrated by the casting of only 66 votes in the year's gubernatorial election. Its population was 1,000.

Undoubtedly, the area's banditry history in the mid-century (see page 63, *The Lawless Ones*) did not help attract investment capital.

Typical of the large ranch holders of the new American period that transcends to the present is the saga of Luigi Marre.

Marre, son of an Italian hotel operator and college-educated, came to America after the gold rush. On leaving Genoa, his father gave him a pick and made him promise never to work for wages, to return in three years if he did not succeed.

Luigi was never to return to Italy. He became another Miller-Lux of California. Like Lux, he started as a butcher in the Sacramento Valley. He decided the supplying of meat was more profitable than digging for gold.

Later he went into the cattle business and began acquiring land. In 1879, already a rich man, he came to San Luis Obispo and leased the old Pecho Ranch near Port San Luis Obispo.

Within a short time, he bought a large portion of the Avila Ranch and the San Miguelita. By 1886 he startled the Western cattle market by shipping the equal of three solid train loads of cattle from the area.

In 1884 he built the town's first major hotel.

By the time of his death in 1903 his land dynasty was well-established in San Luis Obispo County.

Today his son and grandson run the 80,000-acre Marre Ranch. Its headquarters is a junior San Simeon of 34 rooms that sits on a hill above the town of Avila.

Another cog that has played an important

Another cog that has played an important

part in San Luis Obispo's past and may be an important accessory to its future is old Port Harford and Port San Luis Obispo, near the town of Avila.

John Harford first owned the San Luis Obispo's People's Port near Avila. He sold the wharf and moved in 1868 to a new wharf a few miles north. In order to furnish transportation to the wares of the nearby communities to his new deep sea harbor, he helped back the Pacific Coast Railway. This railway, as well as the Santa Maria Railway, was a narrow gauge track that went as far as Los Alamos south of Santa Maria.

Harford's line was at first pulled by mules. Later a small but powerful steam engine was employed.

The coming of the Southern Pacific Coastal Railway in 1896 killed both the wharf and the Pacific Coast Railway. Wharf tonnage which was 397,450 tons in 1893 fell to 11,000 tons in 1923. Just before World War II, the gallant little steam engine, which played such an important part in the area's past, was junked for scrap metal. Its destination was Japan.

In the tourist-conscious age of today it would have been a tremendous asset. At least it is preserved on film. The little engine was used in the 1930's in the filming of the *Diamond Jim Brady* movie.

Plans are now under way to restore some of Port Harford's glory by making it a major small boats harbor.

Unfortunately, from a development point of view, much of the coastal land of San Luis Obispo stretching from Avila to Morro Bay is part of the Marre ranch. A coastal strip lobbed off and only a small portion of the unproductive part of the ranch would furnish choice residential sites for the future.

Avila, incidentally, is a rarity among American towns. With a permanent population of 250, thousands of visitors, and the seat of Union Oil's vast storage tanks, it has no gasoline station.

San Luis Obispo today is a clean-looking, modern town of 20,000 persons. It is the trading area for a population of 70,000.

It is difficult to think of San Luis Obispo city without taking note of the county, despite the diversity of its many towns.

For one thing, many are close, such as Pismo Beach less than 13 miles away with

a population of 14,000. Also, with the exception of the City of San Luis Obispo, Pismo Beach and Paso Robles, all other towns in the county are unincorporated. Similarly to San Francisco County, they are governed by the County Board of Supervisors. A supervisor is a big wheel in this largely Democratic-voting county.

That the sleeping giant of San Luis Obispo is awakening is evident in many of its statistics.

The manufacturing payroll which amounted to \$1,567,000 in 1949 was nearly \$4,000,000 in 1959.

Its agriculture products, which had an f.o.b. value of 46,863,000 in 1959 are up forty per cent in the past decade in comparison to Santa Barbara County's gain of 19 per cent.

Personal income which accounted for \$141,276,000 last year is up 475 per cent in the past ten years.

New dwellings which showed a total of 1,832 last year record an increase of 48 per cent in the past two years.

Where is the impetus coming from?

Like the broken record of this California era, much is attributable to the spill-out of Los Angeles, the ever continual pourings of new population in and about the state.

Part of it has come from the discovery of the area due to the opening of Hearst Castle.

The development of the Vandenberg Air Force Base has attracted both business and residents.

Still another factor is San Luis Obispo's Polytechnic, a four-year college now destined to be another major university.

Cal Poly was originally established by the State legislature after a long fight in 1901. It was to be a statewide institution rather than a regional one.

It has been recognized nationally as a pioneer in occupational training rather than just a liberal arts college.

Cal Poly has served the specialized occupations of engineering, agriculture, arts and science. In the future its scope will be broadened.

Many of its students and their parents, drawn by the college to the county, have remained as permanent residents.

It would seem that San Luis Obispo, a mixture of the old and the new, is on the move today.



VIEW of the City of San Luis Obispo looking toward the twin Bishop Peaks.

Photo by Wynn Bullock.

THE MISSION SAN LUIS OBISPO, founded in 1772 and located in the City of San Luis Obispo, with its fertile valleys of soil, industrious natives, thousands of cattle, eight sheep farms, wheat farms, was the wealthiest of all the California Missions.

It also boasted one of the most independent and jovial priests, Father Luis Martinez. He once entertained visiting military dignitaries by ordering a parade of all the Mission's poultry. The affair took three days. Photo by Wynn Bullock.





AERIAL of Morro Bay. Photo by Camera Cove.

Morro Bay

Morro Bay, 14 miles directly north of San Luis Obispo on the new Highway 1 straightway, is the county's major boom area of puzzlement.

It is also a kind of a thorn in the head matron's side.

For in the space of four years the permanent population of this salt air community has rocketed from 4,000 to 9,000 people. This number, augmented by gerrymandering nearby of communities such as Baywood, would easily increase the total in excess of 14,000.

Morro's view lots which went for \$50 in the twenties, a few hundred bucks a few years back can now be snagged for \$3,000 to \$10,000. A new development near the golf course and the sea will release a lot for \$15,000.

Still not mentioned are the tourists and residents that punched one million admission tickets to the Morro Bay State Park and Golf Course last year.

What lies behind the swift growth of this community which for years balanced along on the distinguishing mark of its gray mass of rock, towering 576 feet above the sea, a land-locked harbor of five miles, and a mild moderate climate?

For years the opposite twins of fishermen and tourists have made up local merchants' bank deposits. The tourists now add more rapidly.

The puzzle of Morro Bay is wrapped up in the 20th century expansion of the county,

the State, and the age of the automobile.

Places like the Monterey Peninsula and Santa Barbara once distant and smaller are now regarded by some as too expensive for retirement. New areas are sought out.

Morro Bay is a recreational spill out for the Los Angeles weekender who wants to trade crowded golf courses for distance and quick accommodations elsewhere.

Morro Bay has long been a cool retreat for summer residents of Paso Robles, Atascadero, Fresno and Bakersfield. As those areas increase in population more seek out the Morro coast in summer.

It is also true that not a few Santa Barbarans sneak in to Morro in winter to hunt coot or other things.

The opening of Hearst Castle with its thousands of visitors has been an impetus, but even more significant is their return to retire or to visit.

Unlike other California communities Morro Bay has little tie with its past. Only one-half of its residents can claim Morro Bay for a home for over four years.

Morro's massive rock, which even the most near sighted cannot miss, was spotted and called "Round Morro" by diarist Crespi in 1769 when he recorded the Portola expedition.

In the midst of the Civil War a smart farmer from San Simeon, Franklin Riley, sought out the harbor to transport produce to San Francisco and Los Angeles. He picked

up 160 acres from the government and in partnership with a Captain Williams began buying and shipping merchandise from its farms.

In the 1870's a government surveying team commended it as another landlocked harbor of value equal to San Diego. Congress kicked it around for a few years and appropriated money for its dredging. On the merit of this survey both Morro and nearby Cayucos were subdivided as a future big city. Congress a century later is still kicking the harbor around.

If the railroad had not come it might have been. But between the 1870's and World War II the town experienced little basic change.

World War II and the addition of a Army Engineers amphibious outfit kept the hope alive for a real harbor and cash registers jingling.

The war ended and Morro went back to fish and tourist. Although a half million dollars of fish are landed annually at Morro by its commercial fishing fleet, its future as a harbor still seems to lie in a sportsman activity envisioned by the Small Boats Harbor Act of the late President Roosevelt.

Its commercial activities, however, lend an authentic air to its waterfront.

Morro's solidification of its tourist industry is evident in its new motels and more recently in an elaborate hostel, restaurant and cocktail lounge on the fringe of its golf course.

The Lawless Ones

Television westerns today have missed one of the great source areas of banditry in not discovering early San Luis Obispo County.

Between 1850 and 1880 in varying degrees, this area, favored by lonely roads, the Cuesta Pass, handy oaks for hangings, dark canyons, served as an active cesspool for hold-ups, murders, racial clashes, would-be Robin Hoods, hideouts, and the dubious justice of the Vigilante law of the rope.

Even as late as 1870 when most people in coastal California were dying of natural causes, San Luis Obispo City passed an interesting ordinance:

It reads: "No person is allowed to discharge firearms; but it shall be the decision of the Justice of Peace to judge individual cases when quick draws are necessary."

Before this animated period of quiet, the area shared what would be some top headline material today.

The most gruesome murder was in 1848 in the ancient Mission of San Miguel. Here a boasting Englishman ran a store in the church which was then privately owned and used mainly to store cow hides. He bragged to a visiting group of sailors of his gold.

They axed him, his Indian wife and eight others. One child escaped to tell the story. The killers were tracked down by a posse near Santa Barbara. The swift justice of the period was dispatched.

An inkling to the era is given by Walter Murray. He arrived in San Luis Obispo in October of 1853, after four men had been brought back from Los Angeles and hanged for misdeeds.

He wrote in the *San Francisco Bulletin*:

"I know scarcely a month has passed without the disappearance of several travelers, or the finding of dead bodies or skeletons on the roads leading out north and south from here."

A few of the crimes were committed by Spaniards and Mexicans who had been brutally done out of their land by the newcomers' law.

One of these was Joaquin Murietta, who operated mainly in Los Angeles and San Diego. He occasionally visited Santa Barbara where he had a sister. He and his band of 15 had a brush with a posse in San Luis Obispo. Murietta was supposedly killed in 1853 in San Diego. To provide evidence for a reward, his head was severed, pickled in alcohol and sent to Sacramento. Later it was exhibited about the State in sideshows.

According to several sworn testimonials in San Luis Obispo, they got the wrong man. Reliable citizens reported they saw him in San Luis Obispo as late as 1870.

The hinterland of San Luis Obispo was called home by two of the Dalton brothers after they gave up gun-fighting for farming. Jesse James is supposed to have visited them near Paso Robles.

The grotesque report of crimes finds relief only in the story of a tobacco-spitting, stage-swearing coach driver of the old San Juan-Los Angeles line. When they buried him, they discovered he was a woman.



YORK WINERY built in the 1880's is on the York Grade.

OLD POSTER announcing the exhibition of the head of Joaquin Murietta is at the San Luis Obispo County Museum.

**WILL BE
EXHIBITED
FOR ONE DAY ONLY!**

AT THE STOCKTON HOUSE!

THIS DAY, AUG. 12, FROM 9 A. M. UNTIL 6 P. M.

**THE HEAD
Of the renowned Bandit!**

JOAQUIN!

AND THE
HAND OF THREE FINGERED JACK!

THE NOTORIOUS ROBBER AND MURDERER.

"JOAQUIN" and "THREE-FINGERED JACK" were captured by the State Rangers, under the command of Capt. Harry Love, at the Arroyo Canion, July 24th. No reasonable doubt can be entertained in regard to the identification of the head now on exhibition as being that of the notorious robber, Joaquin Murietta, as it has been recognized by hundreds of persons who have formerly seen him.



Eight miles north from Cambria, the normal man's perception goes completely out of focus as he catches sight of the most grotesque monument of finery assembled by one of the most fantastic packrats in history.

Rising like a ghostly cemetery of Pompeii in the wilderness and mythology of the Los Padres Forest as it rolls out to the sea is Hearst's San Simeon Castle.

Here a modern colossus of money and genius, unencumbered by the niceties of conscience and bolstered by a reckless courage, held court with his alcohol-loving mistress, ruled a powerful but disintegrating publishing empire with a cynical mastery of terror and talent, and fought an unsuccessful battle against the dignity of human death.

After a half-century of confused, thwarted search for destiny and greatness, in the twilight quarter of his life he turned an insatiable kleptomania, backed by a big purse, into pyramiding the artistic robberies of Europe into a single vault.

Some say at this time the primacy of the paper sewer had passed his hands, that he had already repudiated the publishing philosophy of a lifetime and had taken on the dull golden hue of the placid Wall Street editor.

In any case the cosmos of San Simeon has beauty only in single items; the castle as a whole is an architectural monstrosity, now vested on the State of California for perpetuity as a California Park.

Its greatest saving grace, other than satisfying the endless curiosity of the American public, which has replaced hangings with historic monuments, is that it remains a Gargantuan effigy of the excesses and limitations of man.

It has also furnished the impetus for the development of San Luis Obispo County and will in the end make money for the State.

Pulitzer had tremendous ideals and a conscience behind his titillating headlines. From this Hearst was singularly free and his conscience was more his accomplice than a checkmate.

In this awakening age of the mid-1880's, Hearst, untrammelled by convention, had no idea of being a rich man's barren son. Coldly reckless, with a monumental egotism, he checked into San Francisco.

He had his paper and an adequate supply of cash.

The age was ripe. The young State was fraught with corruption, men bought what they wanted including the State Legislature and seats in the U. S. Senate. San Francisco newspapers, once bold, had assumed staid complacency.

Hearst attacked the yellow peril — Chinese labor — the corporations, the railroads, the utilities. He started the use of illustrations and began packing the paper with talent.

He used sensational crime stories, scared people off Nob Hill with a story of a haunted house. The first of the tear-jerking masterpieces appeared in the *Examiner*. He hired special trains to get his crew of reporters to fires and other events first. And his reporters had fabulous times at Hearst's Sausalito house with the Chief.

It was a time when Winifred Bonfils wrote a story about *Little Jim*, the crippled child of a prostitute. It shocked people and drew a \$20,000 charity fund from *Examiner* readers.

A reporter, Eddie Murphy, did it all over again with a destitute orphaned Irish family, which existed only in his mind.

Within the early years of the *Examiner* such talent appeared as Ambrose Bierce, Joaquin Miller, Mark Twain and Richard Harding Davis. The *Examiner* first printed Edward Markham's "The Man with a Hoe" and Phinny Thayer's "Casey at the Bat."

Circulation grew by leaps and bounds and the young Editor, who first had been laughed at by his competitors, soon

HEARST - The Inkstained King and his Enchanted Blocks

The castle, which cost upwards of 25-million dollars to build, with its sweating two-million dollar gold-leaf marble swimming pools, transplanted Spanish Cathedral towers, imported 16th century ceilings, priceless Gobelin tapestries, cannot be separated from the personality of its collector.

The one, Willie Hearst, broke ice at 24. Rusticating in Harvard between banjo-playing and parties, he wrote his father that he would like to have *The San Francisco Examiner*, a paper of dubious financial gain, recently picked up by Senator George Hearst, some say, in a poker game. Incidentally he also wanted an "adequate supply of cash to see my schemes through."

Willie was sparked by seeing the *New York World*. Joe Pulitzer's new paper that shocked the Eastern metropolis in 1883 was not accepted in the class homes.

Hearst later took credit for the publishing principles laid down by Pulitzer. There is little doubt that the methods he brought to the *Examiner* were based on the *World's*.

In less than a decade he was to fight a gigantic newspaper war with his teacher.

There is some question today of how much Hearst was the cause or the effect of many things he influenced.

Pulitzer originally called for the supporting of causes of the people rather than the purse, the taxation of large incomes, attacking privileged corporations and corrupt office-holders.

He sought out the sensational, the shocking, the impudent stories and headlines with a heavy emphasis on crime and sex. He relied on talent, inventiveness and originality.

The principle was to give the common man what he wanted and then turn and employ the circulation power to fighting for issues and ideals on the highest moral planes.

was their envy and fear. Not a few sought jobs with him.

It was an age that wanted to be shocked, wanted to see conventions trampled upon. It was not an age when an American was trying to learn how to live, but was living in a gigantic search for the buck and the big success. *Horatio Alger* was the Bible.

After ten years in California testing his powers and perfecting his techniques, an episode best described as one of rowdy exuberance and cold enthusiasm, Hearst moved to play New York.

Hearst pitted the *New York Journal* against Pulitzer's *World*. The favorite of his mother, Phoebe Apperson Hearst, he had her sell \$8,000,000 of Anaconda Copper shares, and then, lightly tossed this fortune in the gamble to beat Pulitzer.

That Hearst in his early years, if not later, had a freedom from the particular sort of cowardice of the wealthy was demonstrated here. It made it difficult for the class he came from to understand him.

His was probably a genuine courage and a genuine conviction of the moment that he could not be stopped. His theory of money expressed his cynical intelligence. "Money is simply power in cold storage."

With the largest city in the U. S. joined as his audience he launched a campaign of sensationalism and technical professional journalism that to this day has no parallel.

With the experience of a decade, and a ready supply of cash, he improved on the method. Hearst always appreciated talent and said its use can not be bought cheaply. He bought the *World's* complete Sunday staff, including Brisbane, Goddard, Carvalho, Outcault. It was a new short-cut.

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INTRODUCTION to this Gargantuan effigy, collected by the greatest packrat in history, is the twin towers of a Spanish Cathedral liberated from Spain. Photo by Wynn Bullock.



HEARST - - The Inkstained King

He began a campaign of fighting popular battles, popular grievances, manufacturing idols and upsetting them that left his audience in general exasperation.

The first issue of the *World* to carry his name on the masthead kicked all news out of the first four pages but the wedding of the Duke of Marlborough and Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt.

Everything practically down to the number of stitches in her drawers was covered and the articles were amply illustrated. It shocked New York.

He introduced eight pages of color comics. He hired a barrel-full of foreign correspondents who were known as special commissioners.

He emphasized to his staff to care less for facts and more for effect.

And as a counter-thrust he hurled a fantastic ejaculation that his opposition was pandering to the worst tastes of the prurient and horror-loving and dealing in bogus news.

At the same time he knew that sensation and sex continually plied must be followed by originality, brilliance and good writing.

He used Rudyard Kipling, Mark Twain, Edgar Saltus and Stephen Crane.

THE CASTLE is draped on a 1500-foot knoll, an amphitheater surrounded by mountains and the ocean six miles distant. View of the mountains is seen from this garden patio. Photo by Wynn Bullock.

He also poured money on mechanical and technical improvements to give him a swift advantage in production and in costs.

Here a significant fact of this age of publishing must be mentioned. It was before the time of Munsey and the theory that cheap prices and big circulation would bring big advertising. Publications including newspapers at this time made a large share of their profits from circulation. The circulation of a daily newspaper could vary as much as 100,000 papers a day. Advertising, therefore, was a secondary profit.

Hearst supported William Jennings Bryan for President in 1896, and free silver.

His family owned a hell of a lot of silver mines in Nevada and Mexico; besides the *World* supported the gold platform.

He lost the election but finished off Mark Hanna, the Republican boss, as a chap engraved forever in the public's mind as a bag of dollars. His *Journal* reached the fantastic circulation of the time of 956,000 copies per day.

It was about this time that Hearst improved on the Pulitzer system. Reporting the news was not enough. He turned reporters into detectives to accomplish what reluctant officialdom would not do. His agents went to court to use the power of injunction to free records and to protect the people.

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Top picture shows ceiling of dining room with Sieneese festival banners of the 16th century. Dining hall's table below was taken from on Italian monastery. Top right is the Great Hall of the 58-bedroom, three story main house. Its walls are decked with priceless Gobelin tapestries, its fireplace was liberated from a French chateau. The next photo shows the million-dollar entrance; while the bottom is of the outdoor pool and its Grecian bathhouse. Photos by Wynn Bullock.



HEARST - - The Inkstained King and his Enchanted Blocks

The election had hardly passed when Hearst cashed in on a new cause, the Cuban Insurrection. When the Cubans split with Spain, Hearst began to wave the flag. In addition, he made Tammany give him a seat in Congress.

What diplomats would have taken years to accomplish, the Hearst newspapers did overnight. Screaming headlines of atrocities being committed by the Spanish on the poor Cubans outraged the U. S.

Again it was a period where Hearst might well have been more the effect than the cause.

The U. S. was developing an Empire mind. Many men in high places thought the country needed a 'good little war.'

It was an age when at nearly every Sunday picnic and Independence Day celebration someone on the program proudly recited Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade", celebrating the gallantry of six hundred who died because of an officer's error.

Except for the line in the poem denoting that the men were sent to their deaths because of the error of a blundering idiot, not a word of criticism was leveled against the outrageous incident.

It is doubtful that Hearst's propaganda could have been so effective unless both its inventive author and public believed it.

When war came, Hearst offered to ship as a Captain with the U. S. Navy. The Navy shrugged its epaulets at this monumental egotism.

Undaunted, Hearst hired his own war fleet. He took to battle with paper and pencil and a revolver strapped to his waist on the beach of El Canay.

There was the U. S. Navy and then there was Hearst's Imperial Navy.

He ordered his European representative to sink a blockship in the Suez Canal to prevent the passage of the Spanish fleet.

In 1900 Hearst again backed Bryan. But more and more he wanted to govern. He asked to be the vice-presidential candidate. Bryan refused to take the request as more than a jest.

Here was a good example of Hearst's hypocrisy. Bryan was a fuming anti-imperialist as was most of the Democratic Party, while Democrat Hearst was the most ardent mouthpiece of the new imperialism.

Yet he threw his full support to Bryan. In fact he went after McKinley with every bit of irresponsible journalism trick he or his staff knew.

He sanctioned Bierce's famous poem that was later to turn the country's sentiment against him and eventually cost him a political future.

Bierce wrote that in the face of the country's Republican corruption even now a bullet of a Kentucky assassin was "... speeding here to stretch McKinley on his bier."

Unfortunately six months later an assassin shot McKinley. The Country blamed Hearst and his irresponsible journalism. An enraged populace throughout the Nation burned Hearst in effigy with faggots made of his papers.

At this time Hearst with all his cynical realism naively said: "I don't think my papers are so bad."

Undismayed by fact, Hearst now eagerly seized on every opportunity to make himself an elective official.

In the 1900 election which Bryan lost, Hearst had been President of the Democrat Clubs of the country.

It had taught him that political organizations are, after all, "largely made up of noise and boasting and that most of the men who do the real work among the voters can be controlled by anyone with boldness enough to proclaim himself as the leader, pay for the printing, the music and the red-eye."

He turned his ever-growing newspaper holdings into a political machine with sonorous headlines, proclaiming the virtues of Himself. Where other men had to build political machines, Hearst had an enormous one ready-made and on his payroll.

He was runner-up for the presidential nomination in 1904.

The next year he ran for Mayor of New York but was counted out by ballot manipulations although he actually won the election.

Tammany, in counting the ballots, saw to it that Hearst lost. Pollsters admitted Hearst really won by a plurality of 20,000 votes.

He took the loss without a contest, realigned himself with Tammany and went after bigger game, the governorship of New York in 1906.

By now Republican bosses realized he was a major threat.

President Teddy Roosevelt, himself a nominee of the bosses he denounced, said the election hinged on making Hughes appear as the real reformer and Hearst a sham.

Elihu Root was sent into the campaign to revive the McKinley assassination scandal. It did the trick and Hearst went down to defeat.

In 1912 he tried for the presidential nomination again and this undoubtedly was the end of the highwater mark of his political career.

Bryan traded Hearst off for a Secretary of State spot in Woodrow Wilson's cabinet, and the New Jersey Governor won the nomination and the presidency.

Now Hearst, who for years had been pumping patriotism, adroitly switched to a campaign of non-involvement in Europe.

With an almost deceptive calm he turned to vilifying Wilson and urging the U. S. to stay out of World War 1. By the time the National Service Act was called, Hearst was labeled as a seditionist, German lover and traitor.

He was very nearly destroyed like Lindbergh a war later, but still adroit, he trimmed his sails in time to cash in on the war extras and finally to support the war effort.

But after the war many, disillusioned in the fight to save democracy, turned to him for help in defeating President Wilson's Versailles Treaty and the League of Nations.

In 1918 Hearst startled the Allied world in asking recognition of the Soviet Union. He

was called a Bolshevik. And before the decade was out Hearst spent untold energy and money fighting Communism. Years later he was to declare President Roosevelt's recognition of the Soviet Government as "an outrage to humanity."

After the war shrewd Al Smith went after what was left of Hearst the politico. It wasn't until a decade plus when Smith turned against Roosevelt that Hearst agreed to a concordance with Smith. Then, neither could steal the thunder from F.D.R. who was giving the people what they wanted.

As a Big Bertha shot the last round of World War I, Hearst, with his new chorus girl companion, Marion Davies, pulled ashore at San Simeon's Olympian heights.

Hearst's mother died augmenting his fortune. He put out a special book in her memory that revealed little other than that he was a favorite son. He started putting together the enchanted blocks of San Simeon, 30-million dollars' worth.

In less than a decade he was to have dispatched his agents all over Europe to find the ingredients of the new camp against the protests and subpoenas of almost every major European government. He built rooms, tore them down and rebuilt others. When San Simeon bored him, he built a Bavarian castle and village at Wyntoon, near Shasta in Northern California.

His perversion of building and collecting made Mrs. Winchester and the Winchester House look like the dawdlings of an insane infant in comparison.

Some of the art treasures were chucked into the immense basement of San Simeon; some were thrust into temporary warehouses and some including a complete castle from Wales, England, were left to rusticate near the wharves of the port of San Simeon that joined his empire to the world.

Hearst himself took on a different hue. Where once he mixed in the fray and walked boldly among his troops, now he summoned those he chose to honor, boss, dispose, or surcease to his Olympian heights. A trunk of phones and wirelasses, headquartering at the Casa and stretching around and about the 257,000 acres of this King's domain, supplemented the face-to-face instructions dispatched to the Empire from the Chief.

Many charged that the King had already lost the battle and his fire.

Mencken, who had never been seriously accused of loving Willie, charged the "old goat had grown respectable and now repudiated the philosophy of a lifetime, and, led by the platitudinous Brisbane, sets up as a Babbitt in his declining years."

Hearst had his Marion; his Cosmopolitan Pictures, Inc., and sixty years of publishing and other heather, and the frightened slaves of his Empire spate not against the chief.

Even the already venerable Lincoln Steffens admitted, despite the hardening of the arteries: "He is far ahead of any member of his staff."

But at sixty a mania—an awesome fear of death pervaded the new Forest Lawn of San Simeon; in fact, Hearst forbade the word to

HEARST - - The Inkstained King

be uttered, and sought out doctors and vitamins in the old quest of eternity, the same one that sent Ponce de Leon into Florida swamps two centuries earlier.

But when a literary upstart Aldous Huxley wrote a novel *After Many a Summer*, a masterpiece of prose alluding to a modern conqueror and his alcoholic nymphomaniac, the farcical reality of prolonging life forever, the San Simeon monarch ordered this to be stomped.

Equal time and treatment was to be devoted to actor Orson Welles and his movie alluding to Hearst, "Citizen Kane."

Hearst again violated an old principle that real brilliance or fact can not long be stemmed and saw his transgression of autocratic egotism fail to stop the exposure.

A depression came and threatened. Even the 300-million dollar capital of the Hearst Empire found itself strapped to pay the payroll and interest shekles of the moment without selling something. And Hearst refused to depart with any mothball of the hoard. His sensibility to the value of money was often defeated by his love of acquiescence.

But the Maid Marion kicked back a million plus in a single check in gratitude and the momentary embarrassment passed to become a lovely legend of generosity.

Hearst, meanwhile with an eye for talent, backed the new upstart Franklin Roosevelt at Chicago, but soon turned against him and his policies of taxing the rich, the corporations and protecting the people.

Hearst's papers bellowed but their power was declining and in fact many politicians regarded their support a liability.

Hearst discovered Alf Landon, but the American people failed to recognize him. In fact, a *Fortune* magazine poll, about this time, revealed that 43.3 per cent of the people felt that the Hearst papers were a "bad influence on National politics."

Although the Hearst Empire had long since reached its peak by the mid-thirties, it could not be regarded as an inconsequential piece of wealth.

By the 1937 dollar it still was evaluated at 300-million and consisted of 28 newspapers, 13 national magazines, 2 cinema companies, 8 radio stations, \$41,000,000 worth of real estate including two-million acres in the U. S. and Mexico and a score of profitable mines in the West and in South America.

But the age that could afford the extravaganzas of San Simeon was passing. The U. S. had an income tax and even California had adopted a State income tax.

Hearst countered that New York was his legal residence and shouted he was not about to pay California \$580,000 a year in State income taxes.

Hearst still selected his publishers and managing editors from the editorial side, but most of them were aging too, and in a system built on fear few strong first men wanted a strong second man handy to take over.

The nature of the publishing business had changed. Circulation was no longer important as a profit item for itself alone but only to bring in advertising.

With the growth of the importance of ad-

vertising, more and more the business office moved into the editorial picture. After Hearst's death it was to reign supreme.

Another war came and went and Hearst in 1947, now 84, took off with Marion to live in her Beverly Hills manse for health reasons.

The last four years were a hectic nightmare for Hearst editors. The memoes from the Chief continued to flow but more often than not they were sent out by Marion. And only his pet, *The San Francisco Examiner*, the most professionally respected paper in the chain, escaped to some extent from crusade after crusade against vivisection of animals and other peevish of the mistress.

Death finally walked in one August day in 1951 and with it the business executives of the Hearst corporation. While Marion slept under sedation, they whisked the body from the house in Beverly Hills and began staging a farcical funeral in San Francisco.

The sons, five strong, congregated in a San Francisco hotel and waited for mother, Millicent, separated now 30 years in the East from dad, to arrive. The orders went out that the Maid Marion was not to pay her respects to the bier.

Hearst editors sat on their stories waiting for the word on whether the Chief's aversion to death would permit an obituary. Finally it was written, shrouded in black, but Marion was excluded from mention. The trampler of conventions was finally buried in San Francisco with all the formalities of the staid Victorian era in which he had his beginnings.

A few months later the Maid Marion reached a concordance at a meeting at the

Wynton Shasta Palace as to the Hearst Corporation's future.

She bowed out of any role but a stockholder and bystander saying: "I will do nothing to hurt the sons he loved so much."

This done, she married an ex-sailor, whose most distinguishing feature was that he looked like Hearst.

The Hearst business executives then turned to getting rid of the unprofitable elements of the empire.

Within a decade they were to sell off, amalgamate or kill many of the publications and services.

Immediately they turned to the blocks at San Simeon, which were red-lettered as a white elephant.

When efforts to exchange it for tax concessions failed, they offered to give it to California as a State park.

In April 1957, the castle and a minimum of 123 acres that immediately surround it and a 30-acre parking lot were given to the State as a perpetual Forest Lawn for Hearst. The valuable and profitable ranch holdings were kept by the corporation.

A tacit agreement was reached between the State and the Hearst representatives that the name of Marion Davies would never be mentioned at the castle.

And even now guides avoid and purposefully ignore any mention of her name.

Since its opening, nearly two-million persons have plunked down two bucks for adults and one for a child to view the effigy of the Inkstained King.





AERIAL of Cambria. Camera Cove photo.

Cambria

Cambria is the California town with the split personality eight miles south of Hearst Castle.

Since the opening of the Castle to the public, people have swarmed through this seaside village, named after the Latin word for Wales, like locusts passing through a midwest farm.

It has brought a small boomtown swirl of speculation, motel building and discovery to Cambria, where 60 per cent of the permanent residents are retired. Cambria's main street is split into two small areas several miles apart on Highway 1. Likewise, the town is a split of urban cosmopolitanism and provincialism. Its permanent staff is made up of some 75 merchants, cattle and dairy ranchers and a handful of writers, artists and retired school teachers.

It is a small town. One of the biggest arguments recently was whether cars should be parked diagonally or parallel on a side business street.

Despite its constant parade of overnights on their way to the Castle, it still views a noon-day stranger

with suspicion but is larcenously gullible.

Recently a big cowboy, supposedly from Texas, splashed into a local motel. He spread tales of wealth with a good supply of whiskey around; talked about putting up a major hotel and restaurant.

He clinched the deal one Friday afternoon after five by giving a panting realtor a check for \$10,000 for a view lot, and followed it up with a quick drink at the town's pub. There the realtor naturally could not help relating the sale. With the desired effect achieved, the cowboy cashed some smaller rubber checks around town, then headed safely south.

Cambria's inherent beauty is mostly hidden from the casual stranger who passes down Highway 1.

The town is at the foot of Santa Rosa Creek and the Los Padres range as it levels out to the sea. The major residential part is on a piney knoll west of the business district that overlooks the sea. The pine knoll, first recorded by the Portola expedition, bears a striking resemblance to an early-day Carmel.

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To the east of the town is the 29-mile York Grade, a two-lane, paved twisting mountain road that connects but does not necessarily invitingly join traffic from Highway 1 and Highway 101. For one who has the time and appreciates beauty it will reveal some of the most beautiful country wilderness in California. It is rolling hills and meadows lush with forest, wild oats and endless wild flowers.

This is mainly cattle country interspersed with vineyards. There are three small wineries; one, the York Winery, was founded in 1884.

The grade itself once was the mule team road that linked supplies and products from the coast to San Miguel and vice versa. This was especially true in the 1880's when San Miguel was the southern terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Actually Cambria, still unincorporated, is older than many a California town. Like San Simeon, it was a whaling station in the early 1860's. It soon became prominent as a logging and mining center. The nearby Oceanic quicksilver mine in the 1870's once employed 2500 men.

During this early heyday, Cambria numbered

among its distinguished citizens Ben H. Franklin, grandson of the Ben Franklin of the American Revolution.

He arrived in 1876 at 20 years of age to teach school. He married, had seven children, studied law on the side, passed the bar in 1892 and later became a judge.

The quicksilver mines, including the Oceanic, the Klau and Pine Mountain, had sporadic operations through World War I. The Oceanic reopened for a period during the 1920's.

But Cambria's mining era was really over by the turn of the century. It was replaced largely by dairying and ranching.

Cambria's future would seem today to be linked mostly to further development as a recreational and retirement resort. Construction of a straight-away highway from Morro Bay to Hearst Castle in the next two years, along with interest in the Castle will continue to accentuate its discovery.

On the tip of Cambria is the village of San Simeon, a cluster of white, red-tiled houses still largely owned by the Hearst Corporation. Originally a whaling port, it was rebuilt by William R. Hearst in 1919 to house his workers and as a port of entry for his treasures.

AERIAL of Cayucos. Camera Cove photo.





OLD LEWIS HEADQUARTERS at Atascadero stands as a monument today to the visionary champion borrower of all times who raised 25 million dollars in ten years, mostly from the general public. The three-story colonade building that cost \$250,000 to build in 1914 is now a Veterans' Memorial.

ATASCADERO - - Fraud or Vision?

*MOST OF ATASCADERO'S edifices date from Lewis' promotion. The colony country club and now a church, is below.
Photos by Wynn Bullock.*





THE PLEASANT FRESH water Atascadero Lake is another bequest of the Lewis promotion. Photo by Wynn Bullock.

ATASCADERO - - Fraud or Vision?

A century ago Abraham Lincoln said:

"The greatest art of the future will be the making of a comfortable living from a small piece of land."

In 1913 E. G. Lewis, the nation's fine salesman fresh from the bankruptcy court of Missouri and already an American legend, turned this fine phrase into the most fantastic real estate promotion of the first quarter of the twentieth century if not in American history.

He captured 25 million dollars from the general public of America and Europe and built Atascadero.

In an earlier period of California history, this would have been a less spectacular feat. The unearned increment has always appealed in the State of extremes.

But in the first part of the twentieth century, the bewildering era of the great financiers and gamblers of the 1870's had passed.

Aces of finance like Ralston, the railroad baron, bankrupt, cynical and magnificent, by lavish entertainment once bought the State legislature and staved off disaster. But the time for such goings on was over. The sale of worthless land to old duffers from the East had long been a California prerogative. But this, too, was now old hat.

California's heritage of blackmail, robbery, foreclosure, corporation slavery, of saloons controlling more constituents than her churches had become an historic debt.

This was the new reform State of freedom and opportunity, the State where blue sky corporations were no longer in fashion.

Into this picture Lewis arrived with \$500 in cash. He succeeded overnight in purchasing the 23,000-acre Henry Ranch and set out to build the most lavishly promoted town in America.

To capture Lewis is almost an impossibility. To say he was a combination of genius, salesmanship, guts, vision, idealism and bad luck would satisfy some. To say that he was an evangelistic crook might fill the bill for others.

To understand the Atascadero promotion, one must first take a look at its promoter.

Unlike Hearst, a future California insular neighbor of Lewis, who started his *Examiner* with an adequate supply of cash and future bundles to throw into the fray, Lewis tangled with the hectic jungle of finance with his wits, personality and a slavish faith in his eventual success as his allies.

The son of a New England Episcopal clergyman, he attended Trinity College in Hartford, Conn. While there he concocted the idea to kill the effects of nicotine in a cigaret by offering a combination of licorice and an alkaloid.

It was so successful even in the era before the testimonials of cigaret cancer, that Lewis quit college for a career as a salesman.

In 1895 he found himself in the South working for the Waterbury Watch Co. Unable to meet the medical bills of his wife on his salary, he quit. And in the middle of summer he launched on a campaign that Nashville, Tenn., was never to see again.

Lewis, against the wall, swatted some of the south's best mosquitoes and decided on "Anti Sheet". It consisted of a saltpeter and pyrethrum combination. The fumes were guaranteed to stupify the big, fat mosquitoes.

Unfortunately, the town's drugstores were loaded with anti-bug repellents. Undismayed, Lewis ran a full page advertisement on credit in a local paper telling of the new

discovery. In bold type the ad explained it was being sold by the nation's leading druggists.

Within a few days, local druggists where Lewis had left an obliging card, began frantically ringing his number as a result of customer requests.

Lewis chalked up the price per case and cleaned up. He moved on to Louisville and St. Louis with his new mosquito remedy. Lewis made \$100,000 from the venture. From it he learned the power of advertising. Even today, his former weekly in Atascadero has engravings of the original ad.

Lewis moved on to another repellent called "Bug Chalk." This crayon, impregnated with an offensive odor was guaranteed to stop any self-respecting cockroach at the line. In fairness to Lewis, all of his repellent had some merit, though they were far from cure-alls.

When winter interrupted sales, Lewis cashed in by selling his rights to the south's leading drug firms. He assigned "Anti-Sheet", "Bug Chalk" and "Anti-Fly" and became general manager of a new wholesale drug outfit.

Tiring of this, he moved on to a new adventure. He started the original chain letter. If you bought a magazine subscription to a new house organ for \$1, you were entitled to sell ten coupons to friends for ten cents apiece and receive an expensive watch.

Unfortunately, other firms soon discovered the merit of this idea. Many put up their backs but few completed the chain necessary to get the watch. The U. S. Post Office, which originally cleared the Lewis scheme, called the whole thing off.

Lewis, however, had learned a lot. Saving his mailing list, he entered the publication field. In the space of a couple of years he

was to cause anguish and frustration to some of the Nation's major publishers.

He decided that the low cost magazine would give him big circulation and big advertising. He also decided that the circulation lists could be used to finance other enterprises.

Lewis chose *Woman* as his subject. The organ was *Illustrated Women*. In three years it garnered a circulation of 2½ million and was charging \$7,000 for an advertisement with a guarantee to make good any fraudulent advertising claim suffered by the reader.

By now he had gained the confidence of the leading St. Louis businessmen and bankers. He borrowed money and paid it back. He bought 800 acres of real estate for \$50 an acre and sold it for \$500 an acre. His credit was unlimited.

He started a subdivision, *University City*, in St. Louis which was promoted by his magazine. He held a convention where all interested buyers were given free food and lodging in a great tent city. It was a success.

Then a new idea struck him. Farmers were having a problem of banking their money. He started the first bank-by-mail scheme, a plan similar to travelers' checks of today. People sent their money to the Lewis bank and they were issued checks good at certain specified banks and stores.

With \$4,000,000 in the kitty the roof fell in.

It started with his old enemy, the Post Office. Lewis, regardless of the precarious glass house of his various financial ventures, never stopped shooting in print at the enemy in high places.

In 1907 the Post Office threatened to indict him for fraudulent use of the mails and cut off his second-class mailing privilege. It charged that not all of the 2½ million magazines he was mailing were sent to paid-up subscribers. This was a claim that could have been levied against any publication of the time, if not now.

Lewis, who was selling below his printing cost on the market and making his profit from advertising, was completely dependent on the low cost of second-class mail, which then cost one cent a pound. With the charge, he had to pay four cents a pound. It was the difference between profit and loss.

He was cleared a year later and his second-class permit reinstated. The Post Office investigation sparked a sleuth job on his banking enterprise. In the end he was cleared of all charges of fraud, but it broke him. He finally went into bankruptcy.

Even *Sunset Magazine*, which many years later wrote a series of articles aimed at the exposure of the Atascadero enterprise, said of the earlier debacle:

"Afterwards Lewis fought gamely and sometimes brilliantly to retrieve his fortune. . . . If he had stuck to publishing, he might have been one of the great builders of the age."

With \$2,000 of borrowed capital, Lewis headed for California. When he arrived he had \$500.

With it, he convinced Henry, a San Jose speculator, to sell him his Atascadero ranch for \$500 down. The price of the ranch was a million dollars.

Lewis wheeled into action. Almost overnight he raised ten million dollars. On the site of the old Henry adobe he built the \$250,000 headquarters building. He started work on a fresh water lake, a golf course, a hotel, a community country club and a hospital. He talked the County into improving the Atascadero road to Morro Bay some 20 miles away so that Atascadero could have a beach.

Simultaneously, he started a new national publication, *The Illustrated Review*, and a weekly newspaper and built one of the largest printing establishments in the West. Its big rotogravure presses at Atascadero turned out not only his own material but some of the Sunday inserts of two San Francisco newspapers.

Through his publications and his brochures and his endless mailing lists now stretching into the millions, he began the promotion of Atascadero.

Land was not cheap. The 2½-acre sites sold from \$800 to \$1500. The price, however, was partially based on paying for Lewis' community enterprises.

The appeal was a small country estate in this new highly restricted area, which, through raising fruit trees and other products, would make the owner self-supporting.

The response was phenomenal. Salesgirls, farmers, businessmen, old people answered the call to space and freedom. The land sales stretched across America into England, Scotland and the continent of Europe.

Despite the flow of money, Lewis went after more money to expand the colony. He loosened his silver tongue on two of the major banks of San Francisco and mortgaged the unsold land for a million dollars.

Lewis might have succeeded had not World War I and the depression of 1920-21 come along.

The colonist ran out of money. Many of the orchards planted in wrong crops failed. Many became disillusioned. They claimed Lewis had bilked them. Instead of 2½ acres, they said at least 25 or 30 were needed to make a living.

Lewis went into bankruptcy and almost immediately started raising another seven-million dollars for a reconstruction fund to bail the colony out.

Again he solicited through his publications. This time he invested the money in mining and oil activities as well as Los Angeles real estate.

He invested money in the old mining camp of Panamint in Death Valley and oil fields throughout the State. Some paid off but not handsomely. Some became productive two decades late. Others were just dry holes.

About this time Fleishacker's San Francisco bank sent in a Colonel Willits to help protect their investment and to manage the corporation.

In the fall of 1925 *Sunset Magazine*, under different ownership than today, ran a series of articles exposing Lewis.

Walter C. Woehlke, *Sunset's* Editor, despite the expose was at a loss in describing Lewis. After six articles Lewis emerges the champion borrower of all times, a childlike visionary of genius.

Woehlke wrote: "If early in his career sound financial backing had taken him in hand he might have been one of the great builders of the age—rather than the most persistent and continuous producer of large-scale failures in the present era. . . . Oldtimers speak of his democracy, honesty, charm, sobriety and integrity."

Following *Sunset's* articles, Lewis' old enemy, the Post Office, moved in. They charged him with fraudulently using the mail to solicit money for his various enterprises.

Incidentally, in 1927 when he was tried on criminal charges of mail fraud, his former advertising manager admitted to selling to *Sunset* Lewis' valuable publications' mailing list.

Despite the blackness of the period, Lewis fought gamely on. To many, Lewis was still the hero, a victim of official persecution.

A San Francisco reporter sent into the area at this time wrote:

"Atascadero has the forlorn, wistful air of a mining camp whose veins are petering out. Still a Boston hostess reads poems to guests at the hotel Local persons bristle at the stranger's first derogatory word of Lewis. Despite blasted hopes and shattered dreams, some 400 still live in attractive homes on rolling hills covered with oaks and fruit trees."

In 1927, Lewis was tried in Los Angeles by a Federal Court and convicted of nine counts of mail fraud.

They did not involve Atascadero, but rather misuse of the mail in soliciting funds for the oil and mining enterprises.

Sentenced to six years at the McNeil Island Penitentiary, Lewis gained the permission of the court to take himself to prison. He packed his suitcase and arrived there ahead of his interment order. He bunked at the warden's house until it arrived. Later, he designed the prison's sewage system.

On the request of the people of Atascadero, he was paroled in 1934. When he began again to publish some promotional material, his parole was suspended.

When Lewis' wife, Gertrude, died in 1935, the town closed all businesses for the day in respect.

Lewis returned to Atascadero after serving his sentence. In his declining years he turned his attention to invention. The most profitable of which was his nasal inhaler for colds. He attempted to build a factory at Atascadero to handle its production but was unable to interest capital. He died in August, 1950. A flattering obituary in the local press closed the personal Lewis saga.

Atascadero today continues. Some of the Lewis vision is a reality in the town's edifices, in the fact that it is a rapidly growing community of 7,000 persons.

Located at the head of the Salinas Valley, with the Salinas (upside-down) River running part way underground in this area, it continues to reap much of its wealth from orchards, farms and poultry.

Atascadero's economy is augmented by the location of a State mental hospital there. It employs a staff of 400 and has a payroll of \$1,200,000 a year.

Its nearness to both Nacimiento Dam and the coast has augmented its tourist industry.



OLD JACKS adobe, once headquarters for the 26,000-acre Mexican ranch of Pedro Narvaez, later acquired by Monterey's notorious David Jacks, stands near Paso Robles. It was recently given to the State by Jacks' daughter, Margaret. Photo by Wynn Bullock.



GHOSTLY effects of oak forest near Paso Robles are caught in this photo by Wynn Bullock.



MISSION SAN MIGUEL—The Church Lincoln set free again. Photo by Wynn Bullock.



INTERIOR of the Chapel of the Mission San Miguel is noted as the best preserved of the California Missions. Early Indian art work is on the six-foot thick adobe walls. Also, here is the All Seeing Eye, painted by Esteban Munras of Monterey nearly a century and a half ago.

Paso Robles

Long before it was a town, El Paso de los Robles, eight miles north of Atascadero on Highway 101, had its name. It was called the Pass of the Oaks.

Its early history was linked to the Mission San Miguel, whose Mission fathers learned from the Indians of the curative values of its artesian hot springs.

The springs, almost a forgotten item today in this bustling agriculture-ranching community, were to put the American town of Paso Robles on the map.

But until their commercial development, they were mainly used by the Mission fathers, grizzly bears and travelers. The area was a huge ranch belonging to the Mission. The Mission's ranches of El Marcos and El Paso de los Robles combined to produce 91,000 cattle and 47,000 sheep in 1816. Some 6,000 Indians worked its lands.

After secularization in 1844, Pedro Narvaez was granted the 26,000 acres of the Paso Robles Rancho by Mexico. Following the Mexican war, it was picked up for \$8,000 by D. D. Blackburn, James H. Blackburn and Lazare Godchaux.

They found the pool at the principal springs still banked by the logs of the Mission days and bear tracks at the edge. They set out to make Paso Robles Hot Springs one of the finest health resorts in America.

Impetus to the resort was loaned by the backing of the owners of the Southern Pacific Railway which extended its San Francisco line to Paso Robles in 1886.

In 1889 a huge hotel similar to the Old Del Monte Hotel at Monterey was built on the site of Blackburn's venture and named the Paso Robles Inn.

Among its notable visitors was Ignace Paderewski, who spent a month there taking mud baths. He said the springs cured his arthritis and permitted him to resume his concert tour.

The old hotel burned down in 1941 and was replaced by a new inn catering to the motoring public. The old hot springs were capped in favor of a swimming pool.

Paso Robles today boasts a population of 7,000 and is the center of prosperous ranch country. Ninety per cent of the nation's almonds are produced in this area. Its location, midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles and near the new Nacimiento Dam, has given impetus to its motel industry.

NACIMIENTO DAM, 14 miles from San Miguel, has guaranteed the water supply in the rich Salinas Valley and is proving a tremendous boon as a recreational area. Photos by Wynn Bullock.

Photos by Wynn Bullock.



THE SANTA BARBARA STORY

Continued from page 24.

14 blocks of State Street; damage amounted to over \$20,000,000.

Picking itself up from the earthquake, the city, spurred by its civic minded citizens, decided to rebuild with a Spanish architectural slant as well as earthquake-proof buildings.

Playing a prominent part in this move was Santa Barbara's Pearl, Pearl Chase, a one-woman dynamo.

On graduating from college she came back to her home town, and since has led one campaign after another to beautify Santa Barbara.

Long before the earthquake, she had played a hand in getting rid of its unsightly slaughterhouses, fighting for its stringent dairy sanitary codes, one of the first and most exacting in the country.

Her technique is "publicity". Though more than accommodated by the *News-Press*, she backs up her campaigns with her own mimeograph, which in her Santa Barbara Street office is never quiet.

Not only concerned with Santa Barbara's welfare, she has effectively fought for conservation, continually sought to remove billboards from California's highways.

Many a manufacturer has had to take note of her widely distributed printed slogans, such as one that says "I favor products not advertised on the landscapes of California".

Probably the single most dynamic leader in Santa Barbara for the past half century is Thomas Moore Storke. Working sometimes in the background, sometimes in the foreground, he has ever been present.

He is revered by some, hated by others.

Ask any man on the street today to name the five most important men in Santa Barbara, and Storke's will be named first.

His father, Charles A. Storke, a Churchillian sort of a character of the age, a crusty scholar, lawyer, rancher, businessman, and newspaperman, called affectionately by his friends, "Judge", came to Santa Barbara in 1869 to teach at the newly founded Santa Barbara College.

Charles Storke was a graduate of an Eastern print shop prior to the Civil War. Afterwards he graduated from Cornell University before coming to Santa Barbara.

Shortly after his arrival he married the pretty daughter of one of the school's directors, Thomas Moore, a big cattle rancher whose name was linked to the Ortega family.

Charles Storke went on to found the Los Angeles *Herald* but lost his shirt in the bank-panic of 1873-74. When Moore was murdered by outlaws, he returned to Santa Barbara to manage his ranches.

Years later, after his son had established a newspaper, the elder Storke joined him for a number of years as a writer of editorials for the paper and an influence in the editorial policies of the paper. He died in 1936.

T. M., a bridge of tradition and progress, graduated from Leland Stanford's new university in 1898. After a couple of years, first tending sheep on the Channel Island of Santa Cruz, and another as an instructor to a wealthy family's children touring the world, he came back to Santa Barbara.

He was hired as a reporter for the *Daily News* for \$6 a week; switched to the more enterprising *Morning Press*. Six months later, in 1901, he purchased the third of the town's dailies *The Independent*, by borrowing \$2000 from a friend on an unsecured note. At this time his father was too financially strapped saving his ranches, to be of financial assistance to his son.

The young Storke took on a partner but soon bought him out, again borrowing money to do so. The paper to

this day has remained one of the few independently owned newspapers in the country. Storke has controlling stock, the rest is distributed among his children.

When the paper started it had five employees. Storke, in the early years, hitched up a wagon and delivered the papers, sold most of its advertising and did a share of the writing.

In dramatic contrast today is the *News-Press's* 300 employees, second biggest industrial payroll in town, one of the most plush building layouts of a newspaper in the country.

T. M., mixing a strong business sense with the equal realization that the major excuse for a newspaper is its editorial content, maintains an editorial staff of over thirty, balances a heavy local news diet with a large appetite of national, state and foreign news and syndicated columnists.

Through his half-century of publishing, he gradually bought out his opposition, the *Daily News* in 1913, the *Morning Press* in the early '30's. Today all three are merged under the single title *News-Press*.

Thomas Storke is a rare mixture—a businessman, patriarch, with a tremendous capacity for work; he blends civic-mindedness and single-mindedness, stubbornness with a capacity to compromise, lightning temper balanced with an ability to forgive, an essential quality of charm, a deep sense of human loyalties.

T. M. early found that what was good for Santa Barbara would be good for T. M.

Today in addition to his newspaper he owns a radio station, interest in several ranches, much business property including many buildings on State street.

Through the years he has been active in most of the city's major moves, sometimes working adroitly behind the scenes.

He has never sought elective public office, preferring in most cases to support directly or indirectly candidates of his choice. He has, however, held numerous appointive posts. He was postmaster for Santa Barbara, during the Wilson Administration, served out the unexpired portion of Senator McAdoo's term, when the latter resigned in 1938 from the United States Senate.

Storke did not seek re-election, preferring instead to return to his town and newspaper. Also, he has made no effort to hold on to the handle Senator, where a more pretentious type of person would.

Continued on page 83.

TYPICAL MISSION CANYON oak tree.

Photo by Brett Weston.



SANTA BARBARA STREET NAMES

Historical Background - Derivation - Pronunciation

SAINT BARBARA

Santa Barbara City and County as well as Santa Barbara Channel, take their name from Saint Barbara, the martyred daughter of Dioscorus, of Ancient Rome, who slew his daughter with his own hand when she became a Christian. According to legend, when the sword of Dioscorus descended upon the lovely girl, a bolt of lightning struck down the slayer. Throughout the navigable world Saint Barbara is revered as the protector of ships against lightning. Mission Santa Barbara was founded on Saint Barbara Day (December 4), 1786.

ALISOS (Ah-lee'-sos) — Spanish for Alders, many of which grew on the street so named.

ANACAPA (A-nah-ca'-pah) — The street points in the direction of the island of that name. It is an Indian word that implies deception in appearance, and was applied to the island because of the mirages that so often give it a distorted appearance.

ANAPAMU (A-nah-pah-moo') — named after a famous Indian Chief who ruled over many tribes and covered a wide stretch of country in the early days to the south of Santa Barbara.

ARRELLAGA (A-ree-yah'-gah) — So named in honor of one of California's most distinguished Spanish governors, Jose Juaoquin de Arrellaga, who was governor from 1792 to 1794, and again from 1800 to 1814.

BATH (English pronunciation) — Formerly called Los Banos, Spanish word for "baths," and was so named because it led to that part of the beach which the people favored for bathing purposes.

CACIQUE (Kah-seek') — The title applied to the Chief of an Indian tribe.

CANADA (English pronunciation) — Spanish for "canyon," and the street was so named because it extended to a ravine.

CANON PERDIDO (Kan-yon' Per-dee'-do) — Spanish for "lost cannon" — So named on account of the following incident: Early in the spring of 1848 the American brig Elizabeth was wrecked on the coast at Santa Barbara. Among the property saved was a twelve-pound brass cannon, which remained upon the beach long after the remaining property had been removed. Early in the month of May it disappeared. Apparently it had been stolen by native Californians; at least that representation was made to Governor Mason, who levied a tax of \$500.00 upon the city for its return. The cannon could not be found and the tax was paid only to be refused by the Mexican authorities. Subsequently a storm exposed the cannon and the memory of this incident was preserved by naming the street that ran past the theatre, Canon Perdido — the lost cannon. Unfortunately the cannon was sold to a junk dealer and removed to San Francisco.

CARPINTERIA (Kar-pin-tare-ee'-ah) — So named because it was the route usually taken toward Carpinteria. During Portola's expedition up the coast he found a number of Indians near the mouth of Rincon Creek, manufacturing canoes, paddles and other articles from wood, hence Carpinteria, a wood-working establishment or carpenter's shop.

CARRILLO (Kah-ree'-yo) — Was named after the Carrillo family. Raimundo Carrillo was commandante at the Presidio. Don Joaquin Carrillo was the first District Judge after the organization of this country. It is one of the 80-foot streets provided for in the Haley survey, the other being State Street.

CASTILLO (Kas-tee'-yo) — The Spanish word for Castle or Fort and the street was so named because it led to the Old Spanish fort on the mesa.

CHAPALA (Cha-pah'-lah) — Named for a city and a lake in Mexico from which some of the early settlers came.

CHINO (Chee'-no) — Derived its name from the Rancho del Chino where the Battle of San Pascual was fought. (See Gillespie and San Pascual).

COTA (Ko'tah) — Was named after the Cota family, one of whom was first lieutenant under Captain Ortega.

DE LA GUERRA (Del'la-Gair'rah) (g as in "game") — Named in honor of Don Pablo de la Guerra, the most prominent grandee during the late Spanish and early American period.

DE LA VINA (Del'lah Vee'nah) — Was originally called Vineyard street and derived its name from the fact that it passed through a vineyard planted by Governor Covcochea.

FIGUEROA (Fig-gay-ro'ah) — Named for Governor Jose Figueroa, who was appointed Governor of Alta California in 1832 and who issued the famous Secularization proclamation in 1833.

GARDEN (English pronunciation) — Also called Jardines, so named because the street, if extended, would pass through the De la Guerra gardens in its lower course.

GILLESPIE (English pronunciation) — Named after Captain Gillespie, who had charge of the American troops at the battle of San Pascual. (See Chino).

GUTIERREZ (Goo-tair'-es) (g as in "game") — A local family name but in this instance given to the street because Don Octaviano Gutierrez was a member of the city council.

HALEY (English pronunciation) — Named after Salisbury Haley, who made what is known locally as the Haley Survey.

INDIO MUERTO (In-dee-o) (Moo-air'-toe) — Signifies in Spanish, a Dead Indian, and was so named because a dead Indian was found in the locality at the time of the survey.

ISLAY (t'z'lay) — The Indian name for the wild cherry which grows on the Santa Ynez mountains, formerly quite a source of subsistence to the natives.

LAGUNA (Lah-goo'-nah) — So named because street extended into the lake or lagoon which was formed during the rainy season by the backed-up waters of Mission Creek.

MASON (English pronunciation) — Named after Governor Mason, who levied the tax of five hundred dollars in connection with the lost cannon incident.

MICHELTORENA (Mitchell-to-ray'nah) — named after Manuel Micheltorena, who was appointed governor of Alta California in 1842.

MILPAS (Mill'-pas) — An Indian word for a "sowing patch." The fine, rich quality of the soil in the vicinity of Milpas street led to its name for the Indians had many patches of grain sown there.

MISSION (English pronunciation) — The street that led to the Mission.

MONTECITO (Mon-tay-see'-toe) — The street led toward the beautiful valley of Montecito just east of Santa Barbara. In Spanish the word signifies "a little mountain."

ORTEGA (Or-tay'-gah) — Named in honor of Jose Francisco Ortega, who was the founding organizer of the Presidio and its first Commandante.

PEDREGOSA (Ped-ree-go'sah) — The Spanish adjective for "stony" and the street was so named after the Arroyo Pedregosa, the original name of our present Mission Creek.

PITOS (Pee'tos) — The Spanish word for "flutes," or "fifes" and the street derived its name from the reeds which grew where the street now passes, and from which flutes were made by the Indians.

PUNTA GORDA (Poon'tah) (Gor'dah) — Signifies in Spanish a flat rounded point, and refers to the bank to which the street extends.

QUARANTINA (Kwar-ran-tee'nah) — Derives its name from the fact that some ships were once placed in quarantine near where the street reaches the beach.

QUINIENTOS (Kee-nee-en'-tos) — The Spanish word for "five hundred," and the street derived its name as a result of the five hundred dollar tax that was imposed upon the city in connection with the lost cannon incident.

RANCHERIA (Ran-chay-ree'-ah) — So named on account of a rancharia or Indian village which formerly existed in that section.

ROBBINS (English pronunciation) — Named for Captain Thomas Robbins, who came to Santa Barbara in 1827 and to whom was granted the Las Positas y Calera Rancho, the major portion of which is now known as Hope Ranch Park.

SALINAS (Sah-lee'-nas) — Signifies in Spanish a Salt Marsh, and was so named from the salt pond where it terminated.

SALSIPIUEDES or "Sal Si Puedes" (Sahl'-si'-puh-des) — Means in Spanish "get out if you can," referring to the broken character of the land, on account of many gulches in that vicinity.

SAN ANDRES (San An-dress') — Probably took its name from Andres Pico, who commanded the Californians in the battle of San Pascual.

SAN BUENAVENTURA (San Bway-nah-ven-too'-ra) — Named after the pueblo of San Buena-ventura, a neighboring town on the east, and in Spanish signifies "good venture" or "good luck."

SAN PASCUAL (San Pas-kwal') — Took its name from the battle of San Pascual, fought between the Americans and Californians in 1846. (See Chino).

SOLA (So'-lah) — Was named in honor of Governor Pablo Vincente de Sola, who was in charge of affairs when Mexico ceased to be a Spanish province and annexed California.

SOLEDAD (Sol'-lay-dad) — In Spanish signifies "solitude" or a place where no one lives, the condition that prevailed in that vicinity when the survey was made.

STATE (English pronunciation) — Was so named from the State of California just then proud of its admittance to the Union.

VALERIO (Vah-lair'-yo) Is said to have been the name of a noted Indian outlaw, who escaped from the Mission in 1826 and turned robber. He lived in a cave in the Santa Ynez Mountains, and made frequent depredations upon the settlers, but was never apprehended.

VICTORIA (Vick-tor'-yah) — Was named after Manuel Victoria, who was made governor of Alta California in 1831.

VOLUNTARIO (Vall-un-tair'-yo) — Is the Spanish for "volunteers" and was so named because Fremont's volunteers camped upon the hill to which the street extended.

YANONALI (Yah-no'-nah'-lee) — Commemorates the name of the famous old chief who was at the head of the local Indian tribe whose headquarters were located on the famous mound where the Hotel Potter formerly stood.

NOTE: Pronunciation is as similar as possible to that current in Santa Barbara. It does not always conform to correct Spanish pronunciation.



MONTECITO is called home by Santa Barbara's and some of the Nation's 60 top-drawer blue bloods. Some commute around the world; others' flight is mainly restricted to the area's cocktail lounges. Here, a greying Hutchins holds forte and several Los Angeles gamblers ascribe to respectability. *Still is!*

THE BIRD REFUGE is another gift of Santa Barbara's past gentry. Nearby was once a hobo jungle, also a gift of another age. Brett Weston photos.





WOODEN CROSS marks the pass taken by General Fremont's battalion in their surprise capture of Santa Barbara.

Photo by Brett Weston.

TYPICAL LEMON grove on the foothills of the Los Padres north of Santa Barbara.

Photo by Brett Weston.



THE SANTA BARBARA STORY

Among the many civic endeavors he has led is its return to Spanish architecture. He almost single-handedly obtained federal funds that built its elaborate post office and million dollar airport, as well as being largely responsible for the University of California settling at Santa Barbara.

As a measure to assure Santa Barbara an adequate water supply less than eight years ago, he led the fight that obtained Cachuma Dam in the Santa Ynez Valley.

Santa Barbara's burst of new population, new industry and new energy is felt throughout the community.

This alone has brought the normal problems of growth that afflict other California communities.

With an income average per family of \$6,792 per year and the stabilizing forces of her past, she will be able to face them better than some communities.

A limiting factor is her peculiar geography. Her entire coastline of communities and unincorporated areas spans only a 100-mile length and a 46-mile width at the widest point. In this area, outside the natural resources of lemons, walnuts and oil, her main resources are people and climate.

Of Santa Barbara's problems, one is annexation. With many new subdivisions planned, a mushrooming population on her outskirts and the ever-present threat of Los Angeles spilling, where is the money to come from to take care of the new services?

Many of the new factories have moved to her outskirts contributing little in the way of property taxes which unfortunately still carry the burden of U. S. city taxation. The solution for most communities lies either in a different type of taxation system or in annexation.

Annexation, however, is not easy. Many persons have taken to the hills to get as far away from authority as possible in the age of super-regulation.

Also, like other communities facing the trend of suburban living, much of the best talent of the community heads for home outside of the city limits with the five o'clock whistle, denying them the right to participate in their city government.

This by far is one of the most important arguments in annexation. It is supplemented by the problems of increased taxes and the often questionable assurances of further immediate service at a lower cost under city administration.

Santa Barbara is fortunate that most of those administrative functions normally attributed to city governments are still under its pyramid. It has weapons in the extension of its sewer, its city-owned water system, the belief that planned control of the area's future can best be maintained under a city government.

Recently the sewer argument brought into the city limits the highway business strip of Montecito. However, the heavy residential and village section of this wealthy community are mostly opposed to annexation, fearing higher taxes.

Santa Barbara's old guard is dying fast. Whether people agree with it or not, it furnished the town with a certain direction. New leadership will have to be developed soon.



OIL for a century has played an important part in Santa Barbara's economy. Offshore rig caught in sunset is by Josef Muench.

There is little evidence that Santa Barbara is heading toward becoming Jonesville. Growth has brought in some gamblers seeking respectability and there are some evidences of overt hungry tourism that contradict the town's ancient warm hospitality.

The progeny of Los Angeles' seven million, already on the doorstep of Ventura, are an ever-constant threat to a way of life in the future. There are those that predict that in the not too distant years ahead Los Angeles will be one big town stretching from the Mexican border to Santa Barbara.

There is no exacting way in which a community can secure its future, any more than a man can predict his life. Certain preparations can be made, which are always subject to changing conditions.

Santa Barbara has wisely developed new industry and its University. New young blood of a high caliber is refreshing to any area. That both of these will continue to grow seems predictable.

Santa Barbara's visitor trade is likely to continue to grow. Both temporary and permanent gains will be made. Even Californians must have places to relax.

The visitor trade has some refreshing elements besides the dollars it brings in. It helps attract sound permanent residents, but also attracts other elements.

Santa Barbara today has established an unusual balance of the various elements of her society and economy.





SANTA BARBARA AREA

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MING TREE MOTOR HOTEL, Cabrillo Blvd. at Corona Del Mar, Santa Barbara, WO 2-3262 or WO 6-1641. Relax and enjoy one of the West Coast's newest and most beautiful Motor Hotels. A Gracious Welcome awaits you. Page 86.

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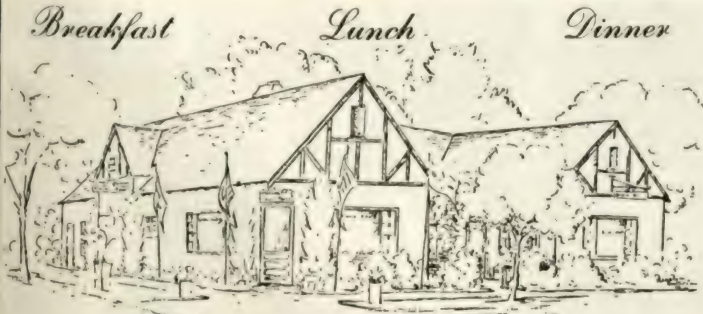
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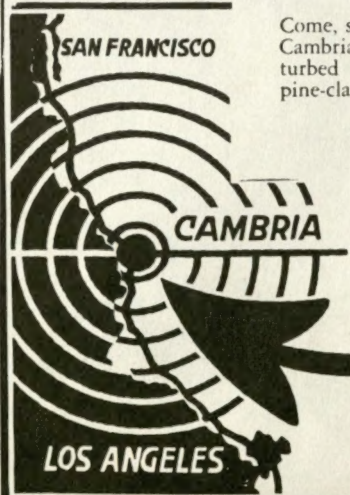
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